

The CANADIAN FORUM

An Independent Journal of Opinion and the Arts

The Sons of Freedom

► FOR SOME MONTHS NOW the Attorney-General of British Columbia has been reiterating that attendance at school of the children of the Doukhobor Sons of Freedom was to be enforced, and that those Sons who kept their children at home would be prosecuted. The result was predictable. The Sons protested by parading in the nude—this time near a schoolhouse as the students were being dismissed. The mass arrest of 148 adults followed and 103 Doukhobor children were removed under the terms of the Protection of Children Act. The Doukhobors, as usual, offered no resistance to arrest, but once in jail they went on a prolonged hunger strike. Since they have rarely used this technique before, it seems to show an extreme of frustration.

By now it should be abundantly clear that the threat of imprisonment does not restrain the Sons of Freedom from their anti-social actions, nor does a jail sentence deter them from a repetition of such offences. In 1931 the Criminal Code was amended to increase the term for parading in the nude from six months to three years, and the following year the Doukhobors responded by disrobing in greater numbers than ever before. The reasons must be evident to anybody who has read the excellent *Report of the Doukhobor Research Committee* published in 1952. The report is the result of research undertaken by a committee of social scientists at the request of the previous government of British Columbia. It should be required reading for the people who advocate more coercion as a solution to the problem.

From the report it can be seen that for this extraordinary problem, extraordinary remedies are needed. The roots of the radical Doukhobor's actions lie in a culture which incapacitates them for reacting realistically to the outside world and inhibits them in developing the stable social organization necessary for constructive collective action. If the ultimate purpose of government policy is to turn these Doukhobors into useful citizens, it is our opinion that the process must be looked upon as one of cure and not coercion. They must be treated as people who are culturally ill rather than wilfully criminal. To them their present actions appear morally right. The principle of tolerance implied in the special consideration, which we give to children and the mentally ill, involving more than equality before the law, must be extended to the treatment of the Sons of Freedom.

In addition to more tolerance, the program would require more understanding and special skills than can be expected

of most politicians and civil servants. The framework of an appropriate organization seems to exist in British Columbia in the Consultative Committee on Doukhobor Affairs, formed in 1950 of a number of social scientists and three liaison workers. However, the Committee would need more power, freedom and resources than it has at present. The Committee would also need continuity beyond the life of governments, since the policy must be long-term and consistent in order to win the trust of the Doukhobors. The alternative to some such far-sighted policy is continued chaos, suffering and waste of human resources.

CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

| | |
|--|-----|
| THE SONS OF FREEDOM | 145 |
| EDITORIALS | 146 |
| CANADIAN CALENDAR | 147 |
| THE "ENGLISH" OF QUEBEC CITY— <i>Wilfred F. Butcher</i> | 148 |
| DAILY, AS ON A MAGIC LOOM— <i>John Este</i> | 151 |
| TELEVISION ANTENNAE— <i>Lee Richard Hayman</i> | 151 |
| REFLECTIONS OF A BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE— <i>Gordon R. S. Hawkins</i> | 152 |
| WHITHER SOUTH AFRICA? (Part I)— <i>O. D. Wollheim</i> | 153 |
| THE SUBWAY— <i>Margaret Toarelle</i> | 155 |
| O CANADA | 155 |
| VOICES IN THE AIR (Short Story)— <i>Emily Herbert</i> | 155 |
| FOXES IN AN OLD ORCHARD (Drawing)— <i>Thoreau MacDonald</i> | 156 |
| FILM REVIEW— <i>Gerald Pratley</i> | 157 |
| ON THE AIR— <i>Allan Sangster</i> | 158 |
| MUSIC REVIEW— <i>Milton Wilson</i> | 159 |
| NATIONAL FILM BOARD FILMS— <i>Gerald Pratley</i> | 160 |
| BOOKS REVIEWED | 160 |
| IN CAIRO CITY— <i>Alan Brown</i> | 162 |
| CANTATA— <i>Lee Richard Hayman</i> | 162 |

Editorials

The Dangers of Adenauer

No one can deny that the victory in Germany of a moderate and pro-Western party has been greeted with great satisfaction throughout the free world. That second thoughts on the matter should be less happy is perhaps inevitable under the circumstances. It would be unhealthy to dwell on them, but to give them utterance may help dispel current illusions and future disappointments.

Does Dr. Adenauer's victory mean that the Germans—denazified, demilitarized, decartelized, and decentralized—have also been democratized in line with plans drawn up by the occupying powers? Perhaps. On the other hand, the very magnitude of his triumph shows that the Germans still like their leaders strong, while the Chancellor's handling of Herr von Brentano seems to indicate that he isn't averse to playing it that way. It isn't sensible to suggest seriously that Dr. Adenauer would ever attempt an *abus du pouvoir*. But he is seventy-five and his successor may be even more open to temptation.

The crushing defeat of splinter groups establishes in Germany a two party system which ensures stability and guarantees enclaves from political scientists everywhere. But splinters of the political sort don't dissolve any more readily than the more familiar kind. If they have penetrated the body of the Christian-Democratic party, they are likely to foment irritations from within. There are advantages to having the Free Democrats and the members of the German Party out where they can be easily identified, and watched.

Dr. Adenauer has become overnight not only the strong man of Germany but also the senior statesman of Europe. Schuman and de Gasperi are gone. France has its strikes, its political wrangles and its economic misdemeanors. Italy has a weak government, a strong Communist party, and Trieste. Only Germany can boast of a large surplus in the balance of payments, a great willingness to rearm for a price, and a government with a powerful backing at home and in Washington. All this unfortunately doesn't augur well for the European Defence Community treaty, or for the future of the iron and steel pool for that matter. German leadership on the Continent is hardly likely to be popular and may not turn out to be tactful. If heat is put on the French concerning the EDC and the Saar by Bonn as well as Washington, the drift to neutralism and chaos may become more pronounced, threatening the whole precious structure of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Fortunately, the prospect of the United States "going it alone" in the company of a rearmed Germany bent on revising the Oder-Neisse line and of Spain galvanized by loans and aspirations to Gibraltar is as gloomy as it is remote. Yet it is no more than the dangers of Adenauer at their worst.

NFB Productions

With this issue we begin a regular review of Canadian films from which readers will obtain an idea of how our film makers, small in number but conscientious in spirit, are going about their little-known task of interpreting Canada to Canadians. While this country has no established film industry producing full-length motion pictures for distribution in the cinemas, it has achieved a world-wide reputation for the production of short documentary films. It is a sad

reflection on the devotion of our film reviewers to their calling when, with few exceptions, they cannot use a small part of their space to inform the public of the work being done in the documentary field in Canada.

The reputation we have earned abroad for documentary and informational films has come about not so much because of quality, which only rarely compares with the best documentaries being made in Europe, but because of consistency in yearly output, the experimental content of many films, and the extraordinary nature of the National Film Board, which is probably the largest and most efficient organization of its kind in the world. While private studios such as Associated Screen News of Montreal and Crawley Films of Ottawa (which concentrate mainly on the production of sponsored commercial films) have made their mark with several artistic productions, it is the NFB which makes the bulk of Canada's significant documentary films. Last year it made over 200, the running times of which ranged from five to 45 minutes.

This brings up the familiar question: "Where can these films be seen?" Briefly, the ten-minute NFB *Canada Carries On* series are released at a rate of one a month to Famous Players theatres; the ten-minute NFB *Eye Witness* series are released at a rate of one a month to Odeon theatres; and the ten-minute Associated Screen News *Canadian Cameo* series may be found at irregular intervals in many first-run theatres. If interested readers do not see these films in theatres belonging to the circuits or in an independently



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owned theatre (frequently of course, they are shown with features which are not of interest) it will do no harm to ask the manager the reason for their absence. He will no doubt give the stock reply that no one is interested in short subjects and in this he is partly right. A keen and intelligent manager, however, will heed your request and try and do something about it. The circuits unfortunately, do not show much initiative in exhibiting more Canadian films than they are required to do by existing booking arrangements, and as a result, many of the Board's longer films find their way into television and into what are called "specialized cinemas," or small movie houses in large cities which show films with a limited audience appeal. Even these, however, could show far more than they do at present.

If the irregularity of theatrical and television exhibition proves unsatisfactory, there is always the local Film Council to turn to. These may be found in cities and they hold regular showings of documentary films from the Board and elsewhere. People living in remote communities have these films brought to them by the NFB's rural circuit operation, in which voluntary organizations collaborate with the Board and show the pictures in church halls, community halls, or school auditoriums. Persons interested in either of these two movements can obtain information about them by writing to the National Film Board in Ottawa. In spite of the good work being done by Film Councils and the NFB in bringing Canadian films to the people, there are still thousands who never see them. To remedy this, in the words of Leonard Brockington, "We ought to bring a little more of Canada into our theatres." This will only come about by public demand, but there can be no demand until the public hears about the films which are available and becomes sufficiently interested to create one.

Thumbprint

A report on public ownership presented to the British Trades Union Congress by its General Council on the occasion of its eighty-fifth meeting was adopted by a large majority. The report is opposed to further nationalization of industry in the United Kingdom, except in the case of water supply and, possibly, manufacture of chemicals. Further, in discussing the aircraft industry the report states that "the profits made by the firms are in the nature of an agency fee for managerial skills, and are also a price worth paying for the continued smooth running of the industry."

Canadian Calendar

The Agricultural Institute of Canada announced the award to seven young Canadian science graduates of scholarships worth \$1,000 each for advanced study.

The premiers of the three Maritime Provinces and a Newfoundland cabinet minister met in Moncton on September 14 to discuss co-operation on mutual problems and ways to bring these provinces out of the "poor sister" class in the Canadian economy.

The 24th annual convention of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce met in Edmonton on September 14. Seven hundred delegates attended. Unbounded optimism about Canada's continued economic growth was expressed.

The Canadian Bar Association at its meeting in Quebec favored compulsory arbitration of labor disputes affecting public health or safety. Mr. A. R. Mosher, president of the

Canadian Congress of Labor, at the opening session of the 13th annual convention of the Congress in Montreal branded this compulsory arbitration as slave legislation which organized labor would resist with every means at its disposal.

The University of Ottawa announces the establishment of a new Faculty of Pure and Applied Science, which will be headed by Dr. Pierre Gendron, formerly of the University of Montreal.

W. K. Walls, publisher and managing editor of *The Barrie Examiner*, was elected president of the Canadian Weekly Newspaper Association at the organization's 34th annual meeting in Saskatoon.

Dr. W. L. Ford has been appointed director of scientific services at naval headquarters in Ottawa. He has been working on Gulf Stream research and anti-submarine warfare at the research establishment at Dartmouth, N.S.

Lack of buying by overseas countries is reported to have plugged most Canadian grain elevators from the head of the Great Lakes to the Atlantic seaboard.

Colin B. Mackay, a 33-year-old lawyer of Rothesay, N.B., has been appointed president of the University of New Brunswick, to succeed Dr. A. W. Trueman, who resigned last spring to become chairman of the National Film Board.

Jean Lesage, a 41-year-old Quebec City lawyer has been appointed minister of resources and development in the Dominion Cabinet to replace Robert H. Winters, 43, who becomes minister of public works, who himself replaces Alphonse Fournier, recently appointed to The Exchequer Court. Robert B. Bryce, 43, succeeds J. W. Pickersgill as Clerk of the Privy Council.

A group of French-Canadian intellectuals has decided to establish in Quebec a French-speaking counterpart of the Couchiching Conference at Geneva Park. The Institut Canadien des Affaires Publiques is expected to provide for Quebec the same kind of democratic forum that has existed in Ontario for over a quarter of a century. The CBC will co-operate as it has in Ontario.

The remains of the U.S. gunboat *Scorpion*, involved in the War of 1812 and sunk in 1817 under the terms of the treaty between the U.S. and Great Britain, were raised from the bottom of Penetanguishene Bay on August 30th and will repose in the Penetanguishene Museum.

Two young scientists working for the National Research Council of Canada — Dr. Raymond V. Lemieux and Dr. George Huber — announce that they have solved one of chemistry's classic problems — synthetic production of common sugar or sucrose.

Nine Ontario Hydro engineering scholarships have been awarded in recognition of the outstanding work done by graduate engineers of Canadian universities in the fields of hydro-electric generation and distribution.

Roy H. Thomson, Canadian publisher, has purchased controlling interest in three Edinburgh newspapers (*The*

Scotsman, The Weekly Scotsman and The Evening Dispatch). The transaction brings his newspaper holdings in Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States to 23 dailies and weeklies.

Final results of the Federal election (August 10th): Liberals 171, Progressive Conservatives 50, CCF 23, Social Credit 15, Independents 3.

One of the finest museums of pioneer history in Canada has been established at Jordan in the Niagara district of Ontario, where a group of Mennonites settled at the close of the 18th century. It contains documents dealing with the Crown grants, details of the Mennonite purchases and a wealth of ancient books, as well as pioneer utensils, tools, furniture, clothing, etc.

Serious disturbances continue in the Doukhobor settlements of British Columbia, burnings of houses, dynamiting of railway tracks, nude parades, etc. 144 Doukhobors have been put in the Oakalla prison near Vancouver and at last advice had gone on a hunger-strike.

St. Jerome's College, founded 1864 in a one-room log cabin, moved on September 6 into a new \$1,000,000 building at Kitchener, Ontario.

A memorial was unveiled on August 26th at Victoria Beach near Digby, N.S., to commemorate the Pony Express, operated by an association of U.S. newspapers, the forerunner of the present Associated Press, to transmit the first news from Europe in 1849. Another memorial was unveiled on the same date at Port Royal national historic park in the Annapolis valley, to mark the site of the Scots fort occupied by the colonists of Sir William Alexander from 1629 to 1632. The memorials were erected by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada.

Twenty-five Years Ago

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In our day, when all industry is being rapidly rationalized, and the principle of "speed up" is being applied to every form of production, the farmers constitute the only considerable group who attempt to follow some of the traditions of a more leisurely age. Even the farmers' pastoral simplicity is being undermined by the radio and the Ford car; and the combination harvester, the tractor, and the electric milker are bringing him into line with his urban brother as a neophyte of the Machine Age. Now, Lord Melchett announces that by a new chemical process, fresh grass for cattle can be grown on the same ground every two weeks. The easy-going bucolic herdsman will be doomed when the "conveyer" system is introduced into dairy farming. The time is coming when the efficiency expert will stand in the midst of his herd, stopwatch in hand, to make sure that his cows do not make any waste motions in chewing the cud.

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The "English" of Quebec City

Wilfred F. Butcher

► THE CASUAL VISITOR to Quebec City will be intrigued in many ways. Not only will the charm of old-world architecture, views of mountain and river, and a living, continuous tradition, fascinate him, but he will recognize the elusive mystery of a civilization different, not only in language and history, but in preconceptions and terms of reference, from that which prevails in North America. If he is really perceptive he will be curious, not only about the French-Canadians, but also concerning the English-speaking community, which is, naturally, influenced greatly by its unique situation.

Very little has been written about the "English-Quebecers", and some essential facts are little known even to themselves.

Quebec City is just where the St. Lawrence broadens from a river to an estuary. Here, about 160 miles below the metropolis of Montreal, the river narrows and flows between great cliffs, some 300 feet high, and then it suddenly broadens, flows on both sides of the Isle of Orleans, 20 miles long, and becomes an ever-extending estuary for another 400 miles before it changes its character again as the Gulf. The tide, which often rises 20 feet at Quebec, advances another 75 miles up the river to Trois Rivières, but it is not salt above the foot of the Isle of Orleans.

The city, on and about its picturesque plateau, is dominated by the Citadel, an ancient fortress, now a military centre, and an official residence of the Governor-General of Canada. Quebec is one of the regional centres, so important to the Canadian economy, the business and professional heart of the eastern part of the province. It is the provincial capital, and the seat of a great and swiftly changing university. But it is more than these. It is the capital of a civilization. One hundred and twenty-five years ago a visitor commented on the serenity of Montreal in comparison with the bustling port of Quebec. The roles are now reversed, and in the calm of Quebec one can savour the real character of the French-Canadian people more easily than amid the cosmopolitan commerce of Montreal.

But what of the "English" of the city? The word is used to describe all who use the English tongue, whether their ancestry be Irish, Scottish, English, or anything else. It is difficult to get an accurate estimate of their number, but it cannot exceed 15,000, compared with the total population of 275,000 in the Quebec metropolitan area, according to the census of 1951. This small community of representatives of the British has a character all its own.

Following the capture of Quebec in 1759, and the subsequent cession of Canada to the British by the Treaty of Paris of 1763, the French élite were given the choice of remaining or returning to their homeland. Most of them chose to leave, and, in the capital of the colony, they were replaced by a new, English officialdom, and a swiftly growing merchant and professional class. Very many of the officers and soldiers of Wolfe's army remained in the country, and were settled on the land. A few lived in and about the city. Until after the turn of the century the essential character of the place remained unchanged, except for the fact that, with its key positions held by aliens, it had lost a certain vital relationship with the habitants and voyageurs of Canada. It remained chiefly a fortress, military centre, port, and seat of official functions. Quebec can still be described

in all these terms, but in the first decade of the nineteenth century it also began to take on a new character. The period of the English predominance began, and this was to last until the eighteen-sixties.

With the migration of the United Empire Loyalists to the Canadas, the spread of the American population into the area of the great lakes, and an increasing British immigration, the St. Lawrence and the lakes became the transportation system for a rapidly expanding commercial empire. For many years Quebec, at the head of navigation for seagoing sailing vessels, became the key port, the seat of the merchants, and the place from which immigrants and distributors set out on their long journeys into the interior. The business of the port was to increase for many years, and it was almost entirely in the hands of the "English" families. In 1822 there were 106 recognized English merchants, compared with 23 French. On the other hand there were 64 French shopkeepers, and only 17 English.

In 1819, among the 15,237 inhabitants, there were 3,246 Protestants. One has to reckon with the fact that among the Catholics there were already many Irish, for it was in that same year that St. Patrick's Day was celebrated for the first time. With over 4000 people, the "English" were already more than a quarter of the whole. By 1851, the year of the first Canadian census, the "Irish"—a word still used in Quebec to describe English-speaking Catholics—outnumbered the "English", or Anglo-Scottish population, with relative figures of 9,000 and 7,328, or, together, 35.5 per cent of the entire city. By the census of 1861 the English-speaking people had reached their maximum, with more than 24,000, representing 40 per cent of the total popula-

tion, and comprising 13,358 "Irish", or 23 per cent and 9,710 Anglo-Scottish, or 16.6 per cent.

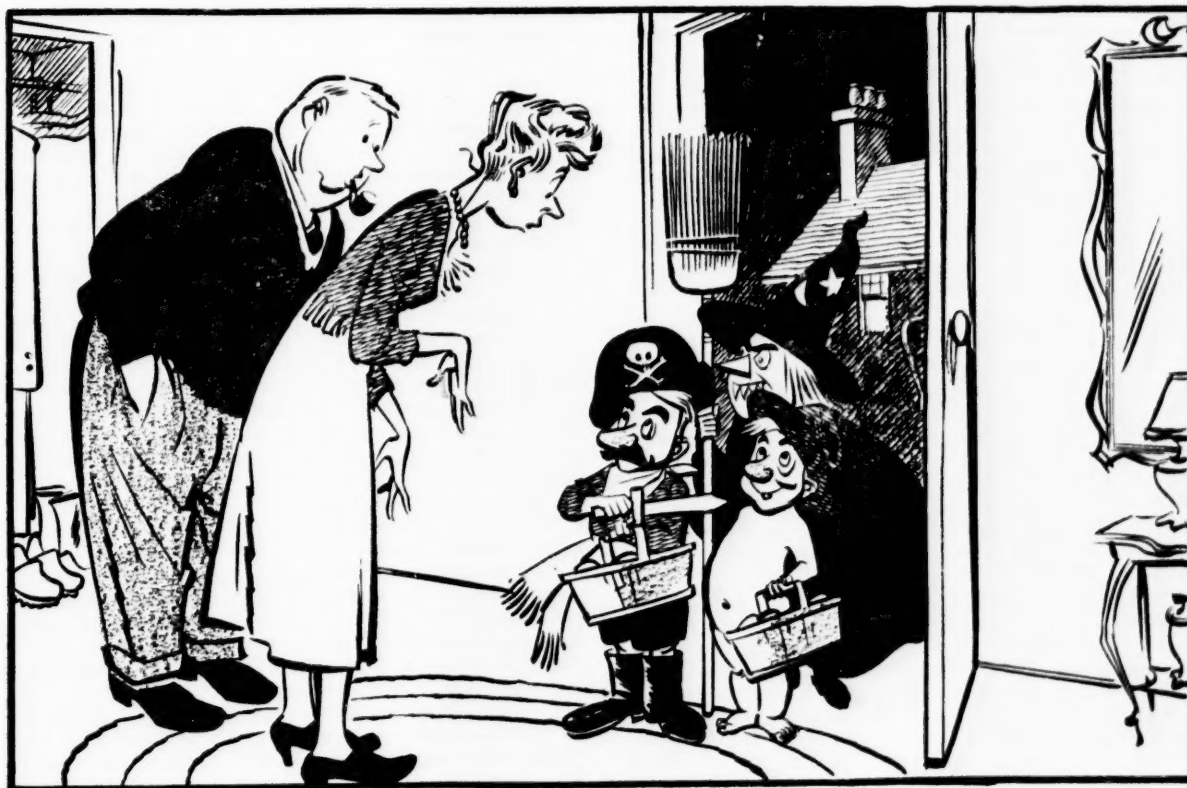
In this period the English controlled not only the government, military life, and import trade, but also the new and very important shipbuilding. This was the era of a great world trade in wooden ships. "Canada built ships, sailed ships, owned ships, and sold ships. She became one of the four greatest shipping centres in the world . . . Quebec had more than half its population dependent on ship-building in the fifties and sixties."¹ In 1853, the year of the greatest activity, the French controlled 15 out of 79 shipyards, though at first they had only owned one in ten.²

A related and equally important industry was the export of lumber. This came down the Ottawa and from the Great Lakes by the St. Lawrence in huge rafts, to be broken up in "timber coves" which lined the river above Quebec. "In the great days of the export trade, timber coves occupied every suitable part of the shore line . . . There may have been perhaps twenty-five active coves in the 1860's and 1870's."³ At the height of the season the river was covered with forests of masts, as the vessels loaded their cargoes of timber. In this trade management and direction were almost entirely "English." Labor was "Irish" and French-Canadian. The Irish were also the stevedores on many of the wharves, and a French-Canadian could not possibly find employment on some. In certain senses the Irish were themselves the masters of Quebec, and it is said that when the cry rang out, "Vla les Irlandais!" the streets were emptied as if by magic.

(1) Wm. Wood. *All Afloat*. p. 75.

(2) R. Blanchard. *L'Est du Canada Français*. II. p. 207f.

(3) D. D. Calvin. *A Saga of the St. Lawrence*. p. 90.



OH, HE'S ONE OF THEM SONS OF FREEDOM

The official class was still almost entirely English. As one visits older houses, sees furniture and other family possessions, and hears tales of the past, it is clear that the English-speaking population enjoyed a life not only comfortable, but cultivated, with a deep enjoyment of all things which make experience rich and delightful. From the biography of Cornelius Krieghoff, the artist, it is clear that he had to gain the support and friendship of the principal English families of the city.⁴

Relationships with the cultivated French-Canadian families were more intimate then than now, and with those who worked for them, in their businesses, homes, and the supply of their needs, the English were on the best of terms. But, though never more than 40 per cent of the people, from all classes, used the English language, they had come to consider themselves as very much at home, completely and permanently established in Quebec. Francis Parkman, writing in 1851, could say, "On the eighteenth of September, 1759, the rock built citadel of Canada passed forever from the hands of its ancient master."⁵

Such words are always dangerous. The '60's and '70's were to bring a financial crisis, an emigration of the English, and a new period which has been characterized as that of "The French Predominance".⁶ The lumber trade was exhausted by the end of the century, and the vast timber coves, with all their activity, had vanished. The change from wood to steel in shipbuilding caused a falling off and then practically ended the Canadian share in the business. The coming of steam also played its part in this process, and it spelled the decline of the port of Quebec in yet another way.

Sailing ships could not well get up the river to Montreal, but for steamers this was a simple matter. A deep channel was dredged, and then ocean-going steamships could reach that growing city, so much nearer to the Great Lakes and the newer centres of population, the beginning of the railway to Toronto, southern Ontario, and Chicago.

The building of the railways hurt Quebec still more, for the Intercolonial Railway, which linked Montreal with the Maritime Provinces, followed the south shore of the river, touching at Levis, opposite Quebec. Other lines were then built into the hinterland. For a while it seemed that Levis might take the place of Quebec as a port and centre of industry. In the closing decades of the century many of the English families established themselves across the river, and some who carried on business in Quebec found it pleasant and convenient to live among their friends in Levis.

By 1871 the English-speaking population had been reduced to 30.5 per cent of that of the city; by 1881, 24.6 per cent; and 1901, 15.7 per cent. The Irish had diminished from 13,358 to 5,980. In forty years at least 15,000 English, Irish, and Scottish had left Quebec. (It would be interesting to know how many others had been absorbed in French-Canadian society through inter-marriage, always a grave problem in this city.) Many went to the United States, others to Montreal, or to the rapidly moving Canadian frontier. The gradual decline continued, so that by 1931 there were less than 10,000 English-speaking people in the city, or 7.4 per cent of the population.

It is significant that the first French-Canadian president of the Chamber of Commerce was elected in 1871. A new era, of local industry, under French ownership and control, had begun. But, despite the decrease in the numbers and influence of the English, some of the great families remained. The Prices developed their vast lumber business in the Lake St. John and Saguenay River area. The Breakeys

worked their large timber holdings on the Chaudière River, and the Atkinsons theirs on the Etchemin. The Ross connection, having flourished in importing, continued an active part in Quebec life. The Davies controlled the only large shipyards which survived.

The representatives of larger businesses, whose interests extended over great areas in Canada, the British Empire, or the United States, continued to be English rather than French-speaking to a surprising degree. Even now banks and other firms sometimes appoint managers to Quebec branches who are not French-speaking. This is doubtless because of the importance to such specialized occupations of wide and varied experience, which cannot be acquired within the limits of the Province of Quebec, with its distinctive civilization.

English-speaking society remained, and remains, remarkably autonomous. The language is more like that of the south of England than of Ontario or Saskatchewan. Life has continued its charm and cultivation, and wealth passed from one generation to another. Many of the more adventurous individuals left to face the challenges of the strenuous life in other parts of the continent and the world, but families often remained intact. Family life itself retained a quality which was being lost elsewhere. The English-speaking tradition maintained itself with tenacity. There were fewer intermarriages, especially on the part of the Protestants, than might have been expected. Social relationships continued to be impeccably correct, especially in official circles, but there has been little intimacy or profound understanding between individuals of the two civilizations. The French-Canadian élite is almost completely bilingual, but it is not unusual to find among the "Old Quebecers" people who speak no French, or "only kitchen-French".

The Irish-Catholics might have been expected to serve as a bridge between the two cultures. But, in this city where everybody has suffered from a minority complex, they have done so more than others. They are separated from their co-religionists by language and tradition, and from their English-speaking fellows, with whom they share a strong old-fashioned imperialism, by their religion. St. Patrick's is still a strong parish, with more cultivated folk than formerly, but its people are as much removed from the predominant mood of Quebec as the Protestants, who are now but 2 per cent of the population.

By the close of the '30's the English had come to assume that in time they would be extinct in Quebec. This view is still sometimes expressed by some of the older among them. Raoul Blanchard, an able French observer of French-Canada, has written, "Le Québec de 1933 est redevenu, comme celui de 1759, une ville française, mais pourvue d'une minorité de langue anglaise dont le rôle, d'ailleurs utile, semble devoir aller encore en déclinant . . . Le Québec régénéré et vigoureux du XXe siècle, avec ses 140,000 habitants, est redevenu une ville française: il est comme une acte de foi de la race canadienne."⁷

But the prophets of the 1930's knew as little of the future as those of the 1850's.

The Second World War accelerated a process which had already begun: the exploitation of the natural resources of the Province of Quebec by vast modern industries. Quebec became, for the first time, an integral part of the economic heartland of the continent. Specialists, managers, and other key men were brought to the capital of the province. Inevitably they had matured in their particular enterprises, often having moved from one city to another, or even from country to country. Rarely were such men French-Canadians.

(4) M. Barbeau. Cornelius Krieghoff.

(5) *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*. I. p. 139f.

(6) R. Blanchard. *op. cit.* II. p. 237.

(7) *idem.* II. pp. 279, 292.

Before 1930 a symbol of things to come had appeared in the Anglo-Canadian Pulp and Paper Company, the largest single industry in Quebec City, with English-speaking people in its key positions.

In the course of the war the Canadian National Railways closed their Quebec shops. The buildings were then used for war industries. When they were no longer needed for this purpose the industrial future appeared uncertain. But M. Armand Viau, an enterprising French-Canadian, had the imagination to foresee the possibilities. He urged that industries be attracted to Quebec City, and, as Industrial Commissioner of the city, has been highly successful in persuading many large concerns to occupy these, and erect other, buildings in the St. Malo district. Such industries brought key staff members with them, assuming that they would soon train their French-Canadian successors. But the fact is that the number of English-Canadians working in St. Malo is increasing. Europeans are now establishing new industries in Quebec and its environs, and a small number of European immigrants is gradually settling in the district.

The shipyards, still bearing the name of Davie, at Lauzon, a suburb of Levis, which had done little or nothing in this century, apart from their feverish activity in wartime, have now sprung into new vitality. Experiments are being made in new methods, equipment has been greatly improved, and shipbuilding experts are being brought from the Clyde, the Tyne, and other places. English is the official language of the yards, and, though most of the employees are French-Canadians, and they make excellent workmen in many roles, the key men are very largely English-speaking.

Valcartier Camp was for many years a preserve of the French-speaking regiments of the Canadian Army. Here, too, largely as a result of new mechanization and technical knowledge, a measure of bilingualism is being introduced, and in the extensive research and experimental work being carried on many English-speaking newcomers, some from across the Atlantic, are to be found.

English Quebec now consists of two distinct societies, which mingle but yet maintain their separate characters. On the one hand are the "Old Quebecers", cultivated, charming, but steadily diminishing in numbers. They do not always get to know the newcomers, most of whom are highly-trained specialists in their thirties, promising people in their specific fields, with families of small children. Many of these people will stay in Quebec for but a short time. But they will probably be succeeded by more and more of their kind, and the indications are that more will remain than expect to do so. The Protestant schools have grown by about 18 per cent in the past year. The Protestant population of the Quebec metropolitan area increased by 10.5 per cent between 1941 and 1951, reversing the trend of the previous eighty years.

The history of Quebec shows clearly that it is rash to prophesy. But one wonders whether this is not the beginning of a new era, of a period in which a new rapprochement will appear between the two civilizations. The management of the Aluminum Company of Canada, at Arvida, in the Saguenay country, clearly recognizes the need and the opportunity, and the two peoples are being more and more represented in its activities. These are not limited to the province of Quebec, and a promising young manager or technician, enlisted from Hamilton or Chicoutimi, Kingston or Joliette, may find himself in British Guiana or New York City, rather than Kitimat or Arvida. The leadership of the pulp and paper industry has a similarly wise understanding of the situation and its possibilities. The same is true in Laval University, where far-sighted efforts are being made to guide French-Canada in adapting itself to the impact of the new industrialism.

Just what the balance and relationship between the two races in the coming years will be, none can foresee. It has been said that it was "the function of the English in Quebec to create points of activity to which the French population is rallied . . . Each new industry of importance has brought in new managers, who, although of the same language and religion as the earlier English settlers, are as little kin to them as to the local French families."⁸ This remains true. A new economic movement has brought and is bringing a new wave of English population. It cannot expect to be more than a small minority. Only time can tell whether its essential functions will be different from those of similar generations in the past.

Daily, as on a magic loom . . .

"Daily, as on a magic loom, the countless activities of millions of people are woven together by the telephone. Home is linked with home. Business to business. Community to community. City to city. Friends and places nearby or far away are within the reach of a hand. Without the telephone, time and space would rush between us and each would be so much alone. And so many things would not get done."—From an advertisement in the New Yorker for August 1st, 1953.

Daily, as on a magic loom,
The telephone weaves our doom.
The speed of sound exacerbates
The furious flight of frantic fates:
No time is lost in venting spleen
On shores too distant to be seen.
Wherever rings the magic bell
There you can always speed to hell
Dear mother, sister, friend or wife,
Boss, partner, leaders in the strife
For higher and for better things,
And they, in turn, can always ring
You back to tell you what they feel
About your being such a heel,
Without allowing space to soothe
The rawness of the psychic bruise.

You can escape this magic net
In any supersonic jet.

John Este

Television Antennae

Spider-like and grotesque,
They cluster on rooftops
Spinning invisible webs
Of come-eye-me-while-time-dies,
Seductive seines of fears
And stumbling laughter
Catching walled-in dwellers
In a tangle of watchingness.

Lee Richard Hayman.

(8) E. C. Hughes. *French Canada in Transition*. pp. 31, 32

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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THE CANADIAN FORUM
16 HUNTLEY STREET TORONTO 5, CANADA

Reflections of a British Parliamentary Candidate

(PART I)

Gordon R. S. Hawkins

CAMPAIGNS, CANDIDATES AND HUMILITY

► WHEN THE RESULTS have been analysed and the issues half-forgotten, there remains after every election, the important question: did the process work well?

The last three general elections in Britain have been followed rapidly by detailed studies of their operation and a new social science of psephology is developing.

In Canada there are few signs of intense research in this field. It might be pertinent, therefore, if an unsuccessful and unrepentant candidate of the last general election in Britain were to discuss some of the problems of a campaign first in a British and then in a Canadian context.

I watched the growth of the August election on the west coast, on the prairies and in the east, in cities and in remote rural communities. As I followed the familiar and vital pattern of speech and counter-speech, party manifesto, radio talk, editorial comment, the harangue and the handshake, I looked back to the last general election in Britain and to the hopes and misgivings I had as a candidate in it.

The circumstances of a political campaign in an English constituency are different in many ways. The ridings are smaller, on the average, the distances to be covered are shorter, the population more compact. There are no local radio stations from which to appeal to the immediate neighborhood. But the central problem, that of making democracy effective, is the same in both places.

The first issue appears as soon as the candidate is selected. In Britain a prospective parliamentary candidate is chosen any time between elections but he is "nominated" officially just three or four weeks before polling day. This official period is short because there is a strict limit on what may be spent and the accounting begins on nomination day. I was selected about eighteen months before the general election was announced. I remember a sultry Saturday in June, a crowded Unitarian Hall and four contestants, hot and polite, awaiting the decision in an ante-room set for tea. I was troubled later, not so much with whether the right choice had been made but whether, in any constituency, there could not be a more extensive, a more thoroughly reconnoitred field of choice. Whence came the pre-selection candidates? Local party nomination, from trade union or professional bodies, through the strong recommendation of a party's regional organizer, from a central panel—from any one or combination of these. What brought them to the contest? Local government activity, a trade union reputation, previous parliamentary experience, a local fame, social or educational contacts, a business ability.

After the selection conference, I remember having two thoughts: one, that I believed that I could do the job and should like it and, two, that there must be many others who could do it better. One person, active at the right moment, known by the "key" people, is nominated. Another, less conspicuous, would have been willing, able and more suitable but, because of his reticence, he is not invited. This makes reticence a political liability. Should this be so? Does it not preclude a man with a certain type of capacity and temperament from being a representative? It is not enough to say that the hustings are not for him. He may even like

the struggle and bring real talent to the campaign but, because of a quality we cannot afford to exclude from legislative bodies, he would never be invited to stand. It is too slight a view of temperament to say that such a man is "by nature" unfitted for political life.

Similarly, the man who solicits support for his own selection or nomination may be right in doing so because he has a just measure of his own ability. Another man may refuse to solicit and lose to someone less worthy. Yet another may over-solicit and lose to a more restrained but ineffective rival. A man—or woman, of course—may spoil his own good case. Are there not too many variables in this for the good health of parliamentary representation? Can the system of selection be regularized or will it cramp the variety and talent and spontaneity of the whole assembly when the crudely chosen members become one body?

A second path of enquiry took me quickly to the problem of making the candidate known to the voters in the riding. The three normal points of personal contact are canvassing, attendance at local gatherings of all kinds ("any old cat-hanging," as they say), and the public meeting. How related is each of these to the modern means of communication and the most elementary lessons of group psychology? I suspect that the program of local pre-election meetings in Britain is largely a ritual we dare not abandon. I had a list of four meetings a night for the three weeks' campaign with three or four speakers to a meeting. We had some good speakers and we should have liked them to speak at greater length at fewer places. We had bad speakers to keep the schedules running—speakers it was dangerous to encourage and impolitic to ignore. In our campaign the meetings were reasonably well attended, the collections useful—indeed essential—the speakers pleased, questions few and the opposition practically absent. It was different on the eve of the poll and it varies from time to time and from country to town but, by and large, that was the pattern.

It is generally accepted that the opponent who is at your political meeting to put a question or to make a challenging statement, is not there for enlightenment. He will not be converted by the weight of reason or the cold precision of logic that you employ in your answers. The compulsion he feels to take part in that discussion, in any discussion, *may* come from straight political disagreement. Frequently, it is a symptom of something else—personal insecurity, perhaps, or of a socially-determined or emotionally-fixed attitude. Whatever it is, it is very unlikely that your answer will win him over. What do you do for the sake of good democratic discussion? The cures of group psychology—the tolerant atmosphere, permissive chairmanship, the hearing out of the case, the tortuous devices by which the individual can be given status in the meeting, assured of more security, and so on—these are clearly not part of the technique of the political meeting. Should they be? A good deal of any question period will be taken up with that kind of thing. The candidate or speaker may recognize it as soon as the questioner speaks. He *cannot* satisfy him. Should he try to give him assurance and probably lose face with his supporters? That is a minor kind of political suicide. Or shall he recognize that he can achieve little with the questioner but can give an answer that will improve his position with some part of the audience though it might make the questioner a butt? Or is there another alternative?

This kind of question is quite independent of party and is of vital importance for active democracy, and that continuous participation which is the other name for vigilance.

How does one make a meeting live and significant? One answer may be that you cannot, that the local political meeting is now of very limited significance. London or

Ottawa opinion, Front Bench voices and—in Britain—faces, are carried into a large number of homes. How is this to be supplemented by the candidate at the local level? With a constituency like mine, with one hundred and fifty villages and hamlets, the political meeting is impracticable in many places as well as being fundamentally ineffective. Perhaps one should use other group media. I recollect too clearly my attempt to solve this problem by the use of a loud speaker van. I tried it one beautiful July afternoon. Never again. It was a cold brutal instrument that broke the quiet of cottage parlors, village streets and vegetable gardens. Every time we stopped at a corner or in a lane, I had to grip myself to strike the blow. The apparatus seemed to have a life of its own. I addressed the mike and the loudspeaker shouted at the curtained windows. I could not feel sure that it was saying what I was saying or with the same measure of reason, conviction and calm!

This method overcomes the difficulties of group maladjustments and it enables the candidate to reach a wider audience but it hardly raises electoral standards. When the loudspeaker is taken momentarily to the street corner it declaims belief. It does not invite discussion. It is the harangue on wheels. It is not a two-way activity. The worst evils of noisy discussion are spread. And apathy is not rooted out. It only shifts into a more remote position in the chimney corner.

If the removal of personal uncertainties, the setting to rights of personal misconceptions are the main duties of the local parliamentary candidate, a tremendous and continuous responsibility is put upon him and his helpers in trying to make successful face-to-face contacts with a large proportion of potential voters—in my case, nearly fifty thousand of them. How can this be done? Firstly, the candidate has to make a number of appearances at functions that are not political in character, where he is not expected to take an active part but where he can be "on tap," should anyone wish to speak to him. In a county constituency in England, the continuous summer Saturday round of gymkhanas and agricultural shows is a most important part of the process. I enjoyed them very much but I always felt the need to be a bit more purposeful while I was there. You tour the field, watch the jumping and the "heavy horse section" and rest on an umbrella as though you could use a shooting stick if you had one.

I recall the young politician who landed at a rally by parachute with a message from the Chairman of the Conservative Party. ("Tory Policy Down to Earth," the Times called it in a dare-devil moment). I can see what drove him to it. I too, often wished that I could find a similar, 3-D device.

However, a candidate's capacity to represent a riding or win a vote is not largely revealed in this way. There remains the old-fashioned method of canvassing. If personal conviction is to carry, if decision *can* be influenced by local action, it is on the door-step that it will be done. It was true before the radio. It is still true, surely, when there are so many more gaps in public argument to be filled. The honest art of canvassing is liked by few and done well by fewer still. It is a very demanding occupation and stripped of glamour. But it is the point at which the final touches of party argument must be made. The newspapers do not, except by chance, answer the personal question. The canvasser must do that.

Formidable as is the problem of getting the candidate and his co-workers to a large number of street doors and farm homes, it is even more difficult to get the doors opened and honest argument begun. But is there a better place? The two of you, candidate and voter, choose your own area of discussion, your own level of argument and use examples that mean something to both of you. The main objection is that

the Briton, at any rate, does not always welcome this intrusion upon his domestic privacy. Did we not see the rusty plate on the gate: "No Hawkers or Circulars"? This presents one of the big problems of the modern election. How persuade the resentful that the radio set and the television screen are a more impersonal and thorough invasion of his privacy than the persistent man or woman at the front door? That a crude encounter with the caller may be as valuable as a refined radio argument?

These reflections have a particular relevance to the British scene but, as I shall try to show in the next article, similar problems are coming to a head in Canada. It seems to me that the experience of both our systems at election time, and the more remote lessons to be drawn from the last presidential campaign in the United States, should show us that we need to evolve a more up-to-date scheme for the choosing of a candidate and for securing a proper relationship between him and his constituents. If we can do that, we can both improve the quality of elections and give healthy direction to that domesticated Leviathan, the modern political party, still a new and unpredictable creature.

(To be continued)

Whither South Africa?

O. D. Wollbeim

I

► THE ATTENTION OF the whole world has been focussed sharply on the Union of South Africa since the re-election to power with a greatly increased majority of Dr. D. F. Malan and his Nationalist Party. Who is this Dr. Malan? What sort of people are the Nationalists? How can a State which claims to be a modern, democratic and industrialized one get away with a policy which, to say the least of it, smacks very strongly of totalitarianism? How can two and one-third million white people hope forever to dominate some ten million non-white people? These are some of the questions which people not only in the world in general but also in South Africa are asking.

In order to assess the position fairly one requires some knowledge of the general background of the Union of South Africa. A knowledge of that background would help one to understand why such things are possible in South Africa although it may still be difficult to forgive the actions of the Nationalist Party. I think it would be wise to divide the history of South Africa, for the purpose of this article, into two main broad periods, (a) the period before the discovery of gold and diamonds in South Africa, and (b) the period which followed those discoveries.

The story of the first two hundred-odd years of what is now the Union of South Africa tell of the efforts to strengthen and to maintain their own way of life of a small outpost of Western culture cut off entirely from the sources and mainsprings of their culture, and deposited in the midst of an overwhelming majority of peoples of a completely different culture and in an environment which geographically, climatically and in many other ways was also completely different. In the very early days shortly after the landing of Van Riebeeck to found the first colony in 1652, this struggle was not very difficult because the settlement was a closely knit and well organized one, but the pioneering spirit and intransigent independence of the early settlers soon dispersed the community into a straggling and widely scattered string of very large farms which could only maintain some form of very occasional communication at long intervals. The advent of the British at the close of the eighteenth century and the subsequent Great Trek served to disperse the population still further and to complicate matters by the introduction of a new language and a foreign political and

cultural pattern. By the end of the nineteenth century when gold and diamonds were discovered the heirs to Western culture were still numbered fewer than the population of a sizeable European city and they were scattered from Cape Town to Pietersburg and from Port Nolloth to St. Lucia Bay, an area of very nearly one and a half million square miles. They found themselves in the midst of a number of indigenous cultures practised by people who outnumbered them by eight to one, and whose strength lay in the fact that they were still living in closely knit and well organized tribal groups. Those far from the Cape found themselves more than ever cut off because of the enormous distances and slow communications.

A bare two generations ago then the Cape Colony was still under the British Government and ruled by its own very newly created legislative assembly; Natal was a colony directly ruled by Britain; the Free State and what is now the Transvaal were two Republics. In Durban itself and in those parts of the South Western Cape Province near to Cape Town there was a certain degree of education and there were fairly close ties with European cultures, but beyond these two isolated spots the rest of the country lived in a state of simple agricultural paternalism dominated by a severe and strict form of Calvinist religion. Apart from the two places mentioned there was little or no education, hardly any communication between peoples, and certainly no opportunity for any persons to renew their acquaintance with the cultures from which they had originally sprung. As for the non-white peoples there was no education whatever except in one or two very isolated Mission Stations far away from the cities. In the Cape itself a certain amount of education was given to non-white people in and around Cape Town.

The frequent upheavals in the history of South Africa further complicated matters by the creation of powerful and quite natural antagonisms. The original founders of the country found that control over their country had been wrested from them and that they were being forced into patterns they did not like or understand; the inevitable frontier difficulties exasperated them; soon after leaving to start a new life consonant with their own patterns the discovery of diamonds and gold flooded them once again with very large groups of foreigners from all corners of the globe; the new elements which migrated into the country could not understand the mentality and could not appreciate the independence of the pioneer who had had little or no education and who certainly had made no social, political or economic progress for over a hundred years. The Boer War, which was the result of all these factors and others, exacerbated the antagonisms and strengthened the internal patriotisms within the colonies which emerged. Only as late as 1908 could the first steps towards Union be contemplated and even then the representatives who forged the Union met in uneasy friendship and were only able to accomplish their task by accepting large scale compromises which to some extent undermined the very unity they were seeking.

Other antagonisms, no less important and powerful, have also grown between the governing and the governed. The efforts of the early missionaries led to the establishment of large numbers of schools for Non-European groups at the turn of the century and soon thereafter, but these missions had not the resources for the millions requiring their attention. Up to quite recently there has been very little State support for non-white education. As a result there has been the growth of a small African (Negro) aristocracy of educated, literate and cultured persons bitterly opposed to the policies of the European who fears that full status would lead eventually to a swamping of his culture and who is determined to maintain his racial and cultural identity.

The tremendous but yet incoherent struggle for freedom of the completely illiterate and of the semi-literate masses of Africans are being canalized through this aristocracy into an upsurge of non-European nationalisms.

The discovery of gold and diamonds, as I have said, led to the influx of very large numbers of foreigners many of whom were adventurers and fortune seekers. Their arrival and their development in the areas where the mineral resources were being tapped led to the growth of modern cities and consequent industrialization. It also led to a rapid expansion to the ports of entry such as Cape Town, Port Elizabeth and Durban. These modern cities were incompatible with the culture of the existing old-established white groups and their form of agriculture deteriorated very rapidly until in the twenties a very large percentage of the white population of South Africa could be classified as poor whites. Most of these happened to be Afrikaans-speaking descendants of the earlier pioneers. Subsequent to the depressions of 1920 and 1933 and as a consequence of the two world wars very rapid industrialization took place in the urban areas and large numbers of people who up to then had found it extremely difficult to make a living on the farms migrated into the towns. In the towns these new white arrivals formed the main body of artisan and operative labor. In many instances they had to compete for work against almost illiterate and rather primitive black people who were accustomed to a very much lower standard of life and who were able to sell their labor very much more cheaply.

The modern history of South Africa, i.e. the history since the discovery of gold and diamonds, is thus a comparatively short one and profound changes in the environment of the majority of white people—as well as in that of large numbers of black people—have taken place. Compulsory education is barely a generation and a half old for whites so that many of the white people of the Union have never received any formal education. Very many of the white people were not in South Africa and were not doing their present type of work or were not living in circumstances in any way similar to their present circumstances only one or two generations ago. A large percentage of the white people have not yet had time to adapt themselves to their present environment and are suffering from an acute sense of insecurity due to this maladjustment. Probably half of the white population of Johannesburg only a generation ago were living according to simple agricultural patterns on the land and have now suddenly had to readjust themselves to a complicated urbanized life. It is inevitable that these profound changes in the environment would lead to intolerance of things which the people cannot understand. These intolerances have led to tensions between white and black, between town and country, between governed and governing during the past few years and have manifested themselves in the election of a reactionary government pledged to uphold, to support and even to re-establish those things from the past which people did understand.

It must also be remembered that up to the advent of General Hertzog in the 1920's, Afrikaans as a language and culture was unrecognized and, in fact, discriminated against. The Afrikaans-speaking people, further, were often poor and were economically discriminated against. This led inevitably to a growth of militant Afrikaner nationalism in an attempt to defend and re-establish their language, their culture and their economic status. Not only did they defend it but they became determined to see that it ruled South Africa. The growth of this Afrikaner nationalism has been a very natural reaction to the situation which obtained before that time. This does not mean to say that it is today justified when the Afrikaner has attained the independence

and the lasting endurance of his language, his culture and his economy. The leader of this Afrikaner Nationalist movement was, in the first instance, General Hertzog and later Dr. D. F. Malan. It is likely that the leadership will be taken over by an even more uncompromising Afrikaner after Dr. Malan, namely Mr. Strydom, the leader of the Nationalist Party in the Transvaal. Dr. Malan started life as a minister in the Dutch Reformed Church which preaches a puritanical and severe form of Calvinism. From the pulpit he became the editor of the Nationalist owned newspaper in Cape Town, *Die Burger*, and from that position he became a member of Parliament. Dr. Malan's dour and uncompromising defence of Afrikaner Nationalism, his hankering after the past and his determination to see the Afrikaner nationalism firmly and permanently established as the dominating factor in the Union of South Africa epitomises the aspirations and desires of the Afrikaans-speaking people.

The present position then, is that the population of South Africa consists of just over two and a half million white people, about eight million Africans (Negroes), 250,000 Asiatics, and about one million Cape Colored persons (persons of mixed descent including the Cape Malays descended from the original slaves). Of the whites almost all below the age of fifty have undergone a form of compulsory education, while those over fifty may or may not have had any form of education at all. Of the Colored people probably one-half are literate while the rest are semi-literate or illiterate. Of the Indians a small percentage are very well educated and are prosperous merchants in Natal while the large majority are illiterate and extremely poor. Of the Africans there would be four hundred to five hundred university graduates, some three or four thousand matriculants, and probably less than fifty thousand who have had a full primary education. Of the rest perhaps half have been educated only to the initial kindergarten grades, while the remainder have had no education whatsoever and still live under the influence of the witch-doctor. Viewed in this light one sees that a number of Europeans, themselves not very literate, are outnumbered four to one by non-white people ranging from the bulk who are either in a state of primitive savagery, or so to speak illiterate, to the few who have reached a high degree of sophistication. It has been only too easy in South Africa to identify a Western culture with the possession of a white skin. Hence the cry: "We must preserve white civilization." All these factors added together have led to an overwhelming fear on the part of the small white minority that they will eventually become swamped by a primitive black proletariat of the kind which they have become accustomed to seeing and meeting as their servants or unskilled laborers.

(To be continued)

The Subway

Where advertisements usher life into the vault of morning,
and iniquitous facts like shapes shuffle past doors,
I apprehend uncrowned deeds of splendor
issuing with memory at scenes scanned from the bridge.

This day, sound, motion stowed in operative cars
inures remembrance wound in gasps round breath,
while poignant corners of reality seize the eye,
and sight plunges further than void from the express.

Margaret Toarelle



Callous and unethical salesmen have victimized thousands of Toronto people by selling them grave plots in farmer's fields at prices more than four times those charged by established cemeteries. Another objectionable feature of the sales approach for modern cemeteries, Ald. Dennison said, was the suggestion made to prospective buyers that they were in a special group getting low prices because they were getting in early. (Globe and Mail)

Hamilton—Justice of the Peace Harry Burville has warned sunbathers they'll be fined twice as stiffly hereafter for lounging around city parks. Burville levied his third \$10 fine for the offence in three weeks yesterday and warned that he'd had enough. "If you feel you must sunbathe, the country is the place," he said. (Toronto Star)

My son, a pupil in one of Toronto's public schools... was corrected for his pronunciation of the word, been. He pronounced it b-ee-n, sounding the e's as he would in seen, just as he has always heard it pronounced at home. The teacher remarked (spelling the words) "The word is b-e-e-n, not b-e-a-n and should sound 'bin.' I just wish my son had been rude enough to ask his teacher how she would pronounce 'seen'..." (A Letter to Saturday Night)

Very creative, versatile, efficient, resourceful, capable, mechanical, reliable, sober, pleasant, conscientious, honest, hard working executive-type Canadian of 40 seeks responsible position to increase your production and/or sales, especially through pace-setting, efficiency, promoting, inventing, designing, sales letters, copy-writing, ad layouts and display decorating with unusual eye and sales appeal. (Classified advertisement, Toronto Star)

Kennart is charged with assaulting Angus Gow, 29, a policeman who was off duty last night, after a three-block chase from where Gow and his wife live in a basement apartment. The apartment is occupied by 83 girls. (Globe and Mail)

Two persons were arrested and a police inspector had to go to hospital to have some pepper washed out of his eyes following a demonstration by anti-vivisectionists at opening ceremonies at the Charles H. Best Institute on College St. yesterday. The inspector said a man asked him if it would be all right if the woman walked up and down College St. in front of the building with the placards, but the woman refused to do so, and demanded to go inside. Insp. Ackroyd then arrested her, but the woman took out a handkerchief loaded with pepper and hurled it at him, he said, and the man jumped on his back. (Globe and Mail)

I attended the beautifully melodious presentation of their production, *Carousel*. I wonder if others like myself were startled by the subtle introduction of a communistic strain in one of the scenes? I found it both distasteful and vaguely alarming. My reference is to the suggestion of the would-be thief of the story, that Billy Bigelow hadn't the social status to appear before God at the judgment day, the honor of being judged by God Himself being reserved for the rich and affluent, while those not endowed with material possessions rated only an ordinary magistrate. (A letter to the Vancouver Sun)

This month's prize of six months' subscription goes to John A. Dewar, Bancroft, Ontario. All contributions should contain original clippings, date and name of publication.

Voices in the Air

Emily Herbert

► A LOUD KNOCKING at the teacherage door made Miss Winter jump, and for a minute her heart beat a tattoo of fear in time with the pounding on the door. Outside, the late summer dusk was deepening. No one ever called this late at the teacherage. No one, in fact, ever called at all in this lonely Lake-of-the-Woods district.

Often in the early evening a group of silent Indians would gather outside her windows, squatting on the ground, to listen while she played her radio, fascinated by the mysterious "voices in the air." They never disturbed her. This was different.



FOXES IN AN OLD ORCHARD—THOREAU MACDONALD

But Miss Winter was no timid girl to be frightened by tramps. She smoothed back her greying hair, put on her bi-focals and went firmly to the door.

Little Joe, her best and brightest pupil though only eleven, stood outside, cap in hand.

"Come in, Little Joe," she said cordially, smiling down at him. "Have you come to listen to the 'voice-box'?"

"Teacher, you come please," he said urgently. "My little brudder, he sick, he die!"

"You mean the baby is dying? You want me to bring medicine?" She kept an emergency kit of First Aid supplies and a few drugs.

"No,—he dead," Little Joe said flatly. "You come please—queeck? My father send me."

"Wait, I'll get my coat." Miss Winter turned out the light and snapped off her radio with some regret. Gone the quiet evening of listening to her favorite symphony from Toronto while she leaned back and rested her feet after the long day's teaching. But it was a good sign that they had sent for her. Perhaps at last she was having some influence on these heathen people.

Little Joe had come in a wagon drawn by two bony work-horses. They jolted more than a mile over the rocky trail, flanked by scrub evergreens, the boy very busy and important driving the team, shouting commands, urging them to a shuffling trot by flicks of the lines. Miss Winter clamped her teeth together to keep from biting her tongue as they went over the bumps.

Big Joe's one-room cabin by the lake was full to the doors and overflowing with pipe-smoking Indians and papoose-burdened squaws.

On a table, candles flickered at the foot of a rough home-made box in which rested the emaciated body of the dead papoose. Its sunken cheeks and shrivelled skin told only too plainly that it had starved to death. If only they had called her sooner! With evaporated milk and cod-liver oil it might have lived. The Indian mother knew nothing of such things. If a squaw's milk disagreed with her baby or if she did not have enough, the baby starved.

Big Joe's wife passed bowls of food and the visitors munched greedily. Several of the squaws put their papooses to suck. The air reeked of pipe smoke and Miss Winter began to feel stifled and sick. Why had they brought her here? Was she perhaps only an added attraction at the funeral rites?

And where was Big Joe? He spoke the best English of any of them, and certainly he should be here. Then she remembered. Big Joe would be up at the burying-place, digging the small grave and building the spirit-house.

When the mourning mother, in halting English, spoke to Miss Winter, asking her to "make a talk" for the dead papoose, it took her a moment to realize what was meant. Then with a lift of the heart the truth dawned. She was being asked to preach the funeral sermon! So her patient teaching of the children in Christian ways of life had not been in vain. They wanted a Christian ceremony for the dead child!

She rose, and in simple moving words spoke to them of the happy life that awaited the papoose in the Christian heaven. After the final prayer, she said her farewells, deeply touched, and Little Joe drove her back to the teacherage.

Once inside, she had a rude shock. Her precious radio was gone, the wires dangling uselessly from the socket.

She sat down and wept. It meant so much to her, that radio. Her only contact with civilization in this barbarous place, her only company in the loneliness. Then as she dried her eyes, she tried to figure out who could have taken it.

Surely not one of the Indians of the community? Not that they were averse to stealing when they had a chance. But the chances of being found out would be too great. Besides it would be useless to them. The school and teacherage with its own generator had the only electricity in the district.

And yet,—who else? Almost certainly it was someone who knew she would be absent that evening. Someone who had perhaps planned that absence? How horrid if the whole affair had been a trap, the appeal for help just a lure to get her out!

The next day in school she questioned the class about the theft but was met by blank stares and shaking heads. No one, she thought crossly, could be as poker-faced as an Indian when he didn't want to talk.

After school, she picked flowers from her small garden and took them up to the burying-ground to put on the new-made grave of the little papoose. On the windy hill-top she stopped to get her breath after the climb. It was such a bleak pathetic last resting place. No fence, no headstones,—just the weather-beaten spirit-houses scattered in a haphazard group. Crude miniatures of cabins, they had openings for doors and windows so that the spirit could flit in and out at will.

On a rude sort of altar in front of each spirit-house, lay the offerings left by relatives of the deceased,—things they presumably would need in the after-life. Cooking pots, knives, cups and bits of trinkets the Indians had found or stolen. There was an alarm clock on one, a hot-water bottle, a rusted safety-razor on another. Sacred objects all of these, and not to be touched or taken away on pain of death.

Miss Winter shivered a little and walked on through the tall grass and weeds until she came to the grave she was seeking, marked by a roofed enclosure of fresh-hewn slabs.

On the altar in front of it, in proud isolation, reposed her shining mantel radio!

In securing for the departed spirit this mighty and mysterious voice which would ward off all evil forces, Big Joe had made his grandest gesture to his dead.

Film Review

Gerald Pratley

► AS A CHANGE from its many successful comedies, Ealing Studios has made a notable war film from Nicholas Monsarrat's widely-read novel, *The Cruel Sea*. Adapted by Eric Ambler, the book has been brought to the screen with realism, restraint, and sympathy. The story, as almost everyone knows, deals with life on the *Compass Rose*, a corvette engaged in convoy work on the Atlantic shipping lines during the early days of the war, and later, when the ship is sunk, with life on the *Saltash Castle* convoying ships to Russia in the biting cold of the Arctic seas. The film does not resort to understatement, neither does it over-dramatize its subject. The monotony of daily work, the hazards, the moments of terror, are all portrayed without false coloring, yet there is not a moment in the entire film which is not an engrossing and human experience. There are several very affecting scenes such as those showing oil-soaked survivors climbing silently and thankfully up the side of the corvette, and the dreadful moment when Ericson is forced to blow up British survivors in order to depth charge a suspected U-boat. Jack Hawkins gives a quiet and commanding performance as Captain Ericson, and seems to go through the years of sea-war with a sense of gathering strain and tiredness. With each film this excellent actor has grown in stature until now he ranks as one of the most dependable and sensitive players on the screen today. Donald Sinden

takes the part of Lockhart, and the entire cast is always convincing. The atmosphere is one of grey and sullen reality, with occasional moments of beauty and tranquility, when the sea ceases to be cruel and the enemy is absent. Director Charles Frend has, in little more than two hours of running time, conveyed the passing of the years between 1939 and 1945 with an extraordinary feeling for time and space. In the beginning, everything was quiet and new, no one knew what lay ahead, men were inexperienced in warfare and still human and kind. As the years passed the battles began to be a daily affair until everyone was sick of blood and killing, men became hard, friends died, and the purpose behind continual destruction was a question hard to answer. *The Cruel Sea* pays a deserving tribute to the men who saved Britain from starvation. At the same time it leaves no doubt in its quiet and expert portrayal of maritime heroism that war is a bloody, tragic event, not to be used as material for adventure films but as a reminder of its futility. It will be interesting to compare this picture with Kramer's forthcoming production of *The Caine Mutiny*.

George Stevens' *Shane* is undoubtedly a sincere and picturesque story about pioneer days in the old west, but it leaves one with the feeling that it is a film without substance—a slim tale spun by an expert director. Shane, a gunfighter weary of his life, rides into a small homestead and assists the family and neighbors to fight the threat of eviction from a pioneer land baron who claims the land as his. Secondary to this story is the admiration of a small boy in the family for Shane. At the end of the picture, Shane kills the old man causing the settlers so much trouble, and after telling the boy that as a killer he is not worthy of his admiration, he rides away. Certainly this is a welcome change from routine western epics, but it lacks the drama of William Wellman's *The Gunfighter* or the character portrayal of Stanley Kramer's *High Noon*. The fights seem unnecessary and prolonged, and Victor Young's conventional "outdoor" type of music brings nothing to the film. Alan Ladd, as Shane, Van Heflin and Jean Arthur have been expertly directed and give pleasing performances, as does Brandon De Wilde as the boy. The Technicolor is realistic and the photography outstanding, particularly in the grim, tense scene where a rival gunfighter shoots one of the settlers in the muddy roadway, as thunder rumbles menacingly in the dark sky and a cold and evil atmosphere pervades the screen. This is the film's one moment of drama, brilliantly conceived and a chilling reminder that death is not a casual thing, as most films would have us believe.

The Moon Is Blue is, of course, the film version of F. Hugh Herbert's play which, as a movie, has gained a certain amount of box-office power through having defied Hollywood's censorship code. A light, frothy piece of entertainment, directed by Otto Preminger, it tells of an innocent girl who meets a philanderer and goes with him to his apartment. He intends to seduce her but her freshness and candor foil him every time. While all this is very harmless and artless it does not make a very good film and it is not so entirely moral as the author claims, for the playboy is not the loser as a result of the young maid's show of virtue. However, had she not married him at the end, the impression would have been more satisfying for, at least, he would have been defeated in his intentions. William Holden and Maggie McNamara are the two people principally involved, but acting honors go to David Niven for his smooth, polished, and witty performance as a cynical playboy who does respect the girl for her innocence. Actually, the subject matter of *The Moon Is Blue* is hardly serious or important enough to risk flouting Hollywood's production code and thus provide local busy bodies in the U.S.A. and elsewhere with the opportunity of sharpening their scissors, uttering

silly statements, and in general making censorship more of a nuisance than it already is.

Subtlety is one way of evading censorship and there is plenty of this in Henry Cornelius' *Genevieve*, a truly delightful comedy about married life and old cars. Every year automobiles of ancient vintage travel from London to Brighton. Around this slim event, script-writer William Rose has written a cheerful and perceptive story about a young married couple and their daily misunderstandings. The husband is an avid old car enthusiast, who drags his wife along with him on the London to Brighton run. On the way their journey is made more difficult by a friendly but heartless rival who laughs horribly every time their car breaks down. The domestic asides are very natural, the incidents logically planned, and the motivation and characterization are never false. The cast is first-rate, particularly Dinah Sheridan as the suffering wife. John Gregson plays the husband, Kenneth Moore is the rival driver, and Kay Kendall is a delight as the fourth member of the quartet. The shortcomings of a fifth-rate boarding house in Brighton are hilariously observed and there is no straining for laughs in any scene. Out of such simple, everyday events are gems like this produced!

On the Air

Allan Sangster

► PERHAPS THE FIRST thing any critic, returning from vacation, should do is cast an eye backwards. In the case of CBC summer programs this seems to me to be an especially valuable and valid thing to do, for in summer as at no other time the Corporation, and those free-lancers who work for it, have a chance to show what they are made of. Sponsors lock away their cheque-books, the "BIG SHOWS" are carted off to the moth-balls and the storage warehouse, the actors and the kings (of swing) depart. What's left? Only the little men—those rare creatures who have ideas, sincerity, and the ability to work out their ideas and present them all by themselves, with only a tired announcer, an uninterested operator, and a few records to help them.

Saturday afternoons, this past summer, have provided an extraordinary number of these unpretentious, unballyhooed, but most revealing programs. At the very highest level we have Helmut Blume's *The Story of Music*, an hour which has been unflinchingly crammed with both musical and historical interest, presented in just the right tone, with no trace of either phony heartiness or excessive pomposity. In a somewhat lower level, musically, comes Edith Fowke's *Folk-Song Time*, a program which for several seasons has given us an excellent chance to hear folk-songs of all places and ages. For the nostalgic we have had Ed Manning's *Roll Back the Years*. This program, thanks to Mr. Manning's remarkable record library, has brought alive again the popular (in its widest sense) music of our parents and grandparents back to the very first days of Mr. Edison's wax cylinders. Finally, in our own day and age, and for all those to whom the entertainer or artist in any field still holds glamour and interest (and they are many) Clyde Gilmour's *Musical Profiles* have brought off- and on-stage glimpses of the genuinely great and the genuinely inflated.

The point I would make about all these is that they are all one-man efforts, they are all both entertaining and informative, and they can be provided to a full network, so that the whole country can hear, at a maximum cost to the CBC of two hundred dollars an hour. On Sundays we had, for thirteen weeks, another one of the same kind—the dis-

tinguishing mark of all these programs is that each is based on a single idea, a single intention—Bill Krehm's Music for Worship. They all show, to me at least, that one able man with an idea and the help of the world's resources in recorded music can produce radio fare which is equal in interest to the hodge-podges cooked up by twenty to fifty men with no goal in sight and little idea of how to get there.

Another easy to take program, somewhat larger in scale (five participants), but still far from a big production, is the radio transcription from the TV network of Nathan Cohen's Fighting Words. Here we have had four (usually) able brains guided by an able question-master, pitting their wits against each other and against controversial quotations furnished by the audience. The result has been interesting and knowledgeable discussion. As I write, however, rumor has it that this program is to come off the radio network (though continuing on TV), and the reason given is that "The West Coast doesn't like it." This is not the first time this kind of thing has happened to programs which, by any ordinary eastern standard, are quite acceptable. One wonders why so relatively small a tail is permitted to wag so large a dog. Is it that western standards are so much higher than those found adequate here, or it it, just possibly, that a little sectional jealousy is raising its foolish and nasty head?

However, to get back to my major point, and encouraging as the CBC's financial report for this year has been, the summer has amply shown that an hour's programming doesn't need to cost three thousand dollars in order to be good. I think the corporation should keep that in mind, and concentrate a little more on developing and producing these good low-budget efforts—certainly not to the exclusion of all big productions, but certainly to the elimination of the worthless ones.

Summer has also shown that the CBC's engineering department is in need of at least a minor shake-up. Not, perhaps on the highest levels, but on those levels which are immediately concerned with getting programs on the air. During a period of about sixteen weeks, on one recorded program of which I have exact knowledge, incorrect records were played at least four times. This in spite of the fact that the records were all clearly labelled and that every script specified the records to be played as fully and exactly as possible, giving title as it appeared on the label, make of record, number, playing speed, side (either one or two, A or B), and, in the case of long playing records with several bands on each side, the bands which should be played. I submit that in these circumstances only idiocy, illiteracy, or utter carelessness could possibly obtain the results which were actually achieved. And I don't think the CBC should employ, in posts which are actually of extreme importance, persons who suffer from any of these defects. Nor are these the only examples. Hardly a week goes by without something of this kind happening—records misplaced so that they can't be found when needed, tapes erased before they've been broadcast, tapes and records played, or at least started, at the wrong speed.

And when something of the kind does happen, as happen it must occasionally, even with the greatest care, the CBC's policy is, to say the least, peculiar. It is remarkably like that of the ostrich—bury your head, pretend nothing has happened, admit no error and perhaps no one will notice. A friend in the Talks Department told me of a tape run at the wrong speed, producing that Donald Duck effect which many readers will have heard, and allowed to run for an appreciable time. Then, when the error was discovered and corrected, the program was merely continued from that point, with no explanation. "It meant," my friend said, "that with the opening lost the rest of the program made no sense whatsoever."

I think there should be an inflexible routine for handling errors of this kind. As soon as an error has been discovered, the announcer on duty should explain to the audience what has happened. During the explanation the error should be corrected and the program started again, properly, from the beginning. True, at the end the program will collide with the clock's stony face and be lost, but at least the listener will know what it has all been about and what has gone on from the beginning.

Music Review

Milton Wilson

► IF A TRUE-BLUE MOZART enthusiast were asked what group of works best represented his favorite's powers, the chances are that he would choose the operas; and, among the instrumental works, the piano concertos. The reputation of Mozart as, *par excellence*, a composer of operas and concertos has grown steadily in this century, and today the *D minor* (K. 466), which used to be the sole representative of the concertos on the concert platform, has been joined by at least half a dozen others in the regular repertoire. Recordings are available of all Mozart's twenty-three original piano concertos except one, and even some of his early arrangements have been recorded.

It may be no accident that the operas and piano concertos are thus associated as the most Mozartean of his output, since the concerto is the most dramatic of instrumental forms. The solo instrument adapts itself to the orchestra (and *vice versa*) in a wide variety of ways, which change from moment to moment, and which range from the most interdependent and conciliating to the most independent and even defiant. More than in any other kind of instrumental work we are frequently reminded of a relationship between persons or, more accurately, between one person and a group or groups. If concertos are to this extent dramatic performances, it is perhaps significant that Mozart's solo parts sometimes try to imitate the human voice; and the vocal leaps from treble to bass in the slow movement of K. 467 and K. 488 (discussed by Tovey in one of his essays) are certainly intended to suggest the range of a voice, as it leaps from one register to another.

My excuse for these remarks is the recent publication of an American edition of C. M. Girdlestone's *Mozart and his Piano Concertos**, originally published in France (1939) and later in England (1948). The first seventy pages of this fine work are mainly concerned to illustrate the extraordinary variety, in both form and feeling, of these concertos. Then all twenty-three of them (he does not include the early arrangements) are discussed individually, some, like Girdlestone's favorite *C major* (K. 503), for twenty-five or thirty pages. Most important of all for a book of this sort, there are four hundred and seventeen musical illustrations. No one will agree with him in all particulars (I have myself a great many reservations about his remarks on the relationship of the prelude to the solo exposition), but I think that any Mozart enthusiast will find this an intelligent, illuminating and readable book. Mr. Girdlestone, of course, agrees with the current estimate of the concertos, which he may have helped to form: "If only one part of his instrumental work had survived, the one which would give us the completest picture of him, the one whose survival would come nearest to consoling us for the loss of the rest, would be the group of piano concertos."

*MOZART AND HIS PIANO CONCERTOS: C. M. Girdlestone; Burns and MacEachern; pp. 511; \$6.25.

He does not think much of the *B flat* (K. 238) and the *C major* (K. 246), which are the second and fourth of Mozart's original piano concertos; but I still suspect that anyone who is particularly interested in Mozart will be interested in the Concert Hall LP recording of these works (here numbered 6 and 8) by Arthur Balsam and the Winterthur Symphony Orchestra under Walter Goehr. Balsam's performance is both extremely sensitive and extremely precise, and the piano comes off the records with clarity. The charming *B major* is the better of the two, and its slow movement, as least as Balsam plays it, is a good deal more affecting than a reading of Girdlestone would lead one to expect.

NFB

Gerald Pratley

RUNNING TIME—

| | |
|-----------------------|------------|
| Canadian Notebook | 32 minutes |
| Inland Seaport | 10 minutes |
| The Mountain Movers | 11 minutes |
| Shadow on the Prairie | 15 minutes |
| Peter and the Potter | 21 minutes |

► THE AIM of *Canadian Notebook* is to give a simplified picture of living and working conditions in Canada's four major employment fields: farming, mining, logging and manufacturing. To do this, director David Bennett devised a script which begins with the arrival of a group of immigrants in Montreal or Halifax (the commentary is reluctant to enlighten us). After showing customs procedure they board the transcontinental train for their various destinations. As the train leaves we are introduced to three families and a journalist, whose wife will join him later. The husband in one family will become a farmer, another a miner, the third a factory worker, and the journalist intends to take up logging. Thus the pattern the film will follow is clear. As the train speeds across the vast countryside, the audience will see, through the eyes of these new arrivals, a picture of what awaits them in their respective fields of labor. The idea is a good one, but in transferring it to film it became cluttered and indirect, resulting in an unwieldy and disjointed narrative. So many subsidiary and unnecessary side trips are made (into community life, economic problems, schooling and a trip to Eaton's and Loblaws—or is it Simpson's and Dominion?) that the transition back to the train and the main theme comes as something of a wrench. And why an ambitious picture such as this, alive with the marvels of progress, should have been made without sound effects (all we hear are a few half-hearted noises from the train as it departs) seems to indicate a lack of film sense on the part of an NFB department. For, in spite of the film's wayward narrative, it does have many fine and realistic insights into its subjects, and the beautifully photographed action scenes, by Don Wilder, cry out to be heard. Instead, there is an over-written narrative spoken by Max Ferguson, which, if we gave it our undivided attention would mean a lack of concentration on the visuals. As a result most of the footage suffers from a form of frozen paralysis, thawed now and then by a few bursts of music.

What *Canadian Notebook* could have been like is shown by Ronald Weyman in his excellent little study of Montreal called *Inland Seaport*. There is no commentator here and no contrived incidents; this is a fluid camera record, by Hector Lemieux, which comes vividly to life through the use of sound effects, dialogue, and the rhythmic editing of Fergus McDonnell. A ship comes into Montreal harbor, its officers

go ashore and are shown briefly seeking entertainment, wheat and merchandise are loaded, and once again the ship departs. The quiet ending is very effective and pleasing.

Had Wyman used this technique in his earlier film, *The Mountain Movers*, this would have been a much better documentary. Instead, Hector Lemieux's expressive photography is accompanied by an off-screen commentator who chatters incessantly and reels off so many facts that it is difficult to harmonize them with the picture. This concerns that ambitious hydro-electric development in British Columbia which will provide power for the aluminum city of Kitimat. But this rather sketchy film only conveys a few fleeting impressions of what is going on there.

If we must have off-screen commentaries in documentary films I wish they were all spoken as nicely as Alan Mills speaks his in *The Story of Peter and the Potter*. This very pleasant tale for children tells of Peter, a little boy who buys a china bowl as a birthday present for his mother, but, on the way home, falls and breaks it in the woods. He meets a girl, the daughter of Kjeld Deichmann, of Dykelands Pottery, New Brunswick, who takes him to her father. He immediately makes Peter a new bowl. All this serves as an introduction to the Deichmann family and their interesting pottery work. The film is most unassuming in its instruction and has an engaging fairy tale quality about it, which together with the warm and friendly voice of Alan Mills, should captivate all children. Directed with ease and imagination by Donald Peters, the production is marred only by the lurid color process.

Gweneth Lloyd's Canadian ballet, *Shadow on the Prairie* has been filmed by Roger Blais. On film it looks a rather drab, flat and static affair. While the dancing of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet looks both confident and expressive there is nothing particularly inspiring about the production. The melancholy theme, conveyed by subtitles rather than the dance, is that familiar story about the wife of a pioneer farmer living on the empty prairie who cannot stand the desolation. She finally goes mad and shuts herself in her wedding chest. The sets are either badly lit or poorly made, for they reminded me of a cross between *Caligari* and the CNE. Robert Fleming's music steadfastly avoids any discernible melody and one remains unaffected by what should be a moving creation.

Books Reviewed

ONLY THE SILENT HEAR: Kenneth Walker; Clarke Irwin; pp. 190; \$2.75.

This is the best book I have yet read in the literature linking oriental and occidental thought. It can be read for pleasure by any intelligent reader for the charm, wit and urbanity in which the author wraps up his parcel of penetrating and enlightening thought on the significance and process of human evolution. Kenneth Walker draws on the Vedas, the oldest scriptures of the world, and their commentators, as freely as he does on the work of Plato and Aristotle and their commentators and he gets his title from an essay by Joseph Pieper, (*Leisure: The Basis of Culture*), who is a Roman Catholic and a Neo-Thomist. As I read this book, Osler constantly intruded on my mind, for there is much in common in the spirit of the two men, although Osler hesitated and turned aside where Kenneth Walker walks on with a firm and purposeful step. Of course half a century of writing and of western research into science and into oriental literature have gone by since Osler worked out his massive attempt to moderate our scientific materialism with the wisdom of pre-scientific philosophy. Walker discards the

"one-eyed view" of man and the universe of Huxley and Russell and their kin and turns two very discerning eyes on the vastness of the universe which man's imagination has disclosed and documented, and on the equally important place on the "staircase" of evolution achieved by man in the course of his exercise of his purely human faculties. He quotes Goethe as saying that "no one grasps a thing unless it suits him and he is ready to believe it" and this will be true of those who read this book.

Kenneth Walker, a well known British surgeon, is, like Thomas Browne, a "latitudinarian," one of those whose "spirits are deep and broad enough to unify the discordant elements of their own time and to bind all ages together." He is a nature lover as well as a lover of men and wisdom. At one point he writes: "Affection for animals grows in me and I have deliberately fostered it. 'Love,' says Plotinus, 'becomes more and more important as we ascend further.'" Walker then tells of a visit to some calves whose ears he stroked. "How delightfully James Thurber would have illustrated this story of an elderly man practicing the art of affection in a cow shed."

In his search for the meaning of life on this planet, Walker uses the biosphere as an example of the inter-relatedness of all life, showing how essential is that film of organic life to the unorganic world beneath the crust of the globe as well as to higher forms of evolution, including man. It has its place on the "staircase" by which consciousness unfolds from one stage to the next. "Nothing in the universe exists by itself and for itself." And the globe is immersed in a sea of electromagnetism of which we are becoming conscious and of which we make speedy and practical use.

What is man's function in this world of consciousness? "Why should it have been necessary for us to have been given a higher level of consciousness, a moral sense, a deeply buried conscience and a small measure of choice? . . . nature does not endow her children with useless gifts."

Why is it that a book we could order from a British bookshop for \$1.50 sells in Canada for \$2.75? And on which price does the author collect his royalties? There is a thick dollar curtain between books and readers and in the case of a book such as *Only the Silent Hear* this is doubly deplorable.

Blodwen Davies.

LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY: Giovanni Verga; Nelson, Foster and Scott (Grove Press); pp. 226; \$3.50.

His two novels and handful of stories about Sicily are enough to make Giovanni Verga rank as an important writer. In many respects, it seems to me, Verga should seem as important to us as, say, Balzac or Zola. And for some modern readers Verga will have an advantage over many of the writers of his own time: for although he belongs to the nineteenth century, his work has a strong contemporary flavor. There are few digressions in his novels, little moralizing, no heavy undergrowth of description. His dialogue is quick and revealing, his narrative prose firm, rapid and vigorous. His descriptive passages and metaphors are fresh, vivid, closely related to the life of the people he is writing about. Perhaps Verga's contemporary feeling owes something to D. H. Lawrence, who translated three of his books (how Lawrence must have loved this task!); but the novel which Lawrence did not translate, *The House by the Medlar Tree*, also seems very modern, if you read it in the translation which was published two or three years ago.

Verga was born in Sicily in 1840, and he died there in 1922. For a time he made a career in Italy as a popular romantic writer; then he went home, and began to write about his own people. He planned a trilogy, to be called *The Defeated*, and wrote one novel about a family of poor fishermen and another about the rise and fall of a small

landowner; but the third book, which was to have dealt with the upper class, was never completed. For the last half of his life he appears to have written nothing, and, says Lawrence, "He kept apart from all publicity, proud in his privacy . . ."

When he went back to Sicily as a mature person and a writer, Verga was returning to a society which must have been as harsh, violent and isolated as any in Europe. It was a land as hard and pitiless as the everlasting sunlight; the people were drenched in superstition, cruelty and pride. Small landowners and landless peasants worked the thin, rocky fields, or sickened in the richer, malaria-choked lowlands. In Verga's novels and stories a whole people and a way of life seem to have fallen out of time and history, and any standard of judgment we apply to them seems inadequate and invalid.

In this society, as we might expect, Verga discovered an existence and an attitude which are profoundly tragic. Yet he did not become a remorseless or a pitying observer; he did not exploit or sentimentalize the tragedy, he merely recorded it. He combines an intense detachment with an intense sympathy. What makes this possible is the degree to which he shares in the sad, violent, yet astonishingly varied life of the village. He touches all of them; the priests and the officials, the landowners and the peasants, the children, the idiots and the senile aged . . . (Even the animals: perhaps the most powerful sketch in this book is "Story of the Saint Joseph's Ass.") By becoming so wholly a part of the village, Verga is able to share the gift for irony and even robust humor which somehow makes life still bearable. As an artist, he concerns himself with the exact cadence of speech and the precise description of incident and actuality. And so he wrote four books which, for the most part, avoid rhetoric and indignation and self-pity.

There are a dozen sketches and stories in *Little Novels of Sicily*, and they provide a good cross-section of the sort of writing which readers will find in Verga's other books. The new edition is a handsome book, and for anyone who hasn't read Verga, it would make a good place to start. And if you haven't read Verga, you've missed a writer who is well worth your time and attention.

Robert Weaver.

TWENTY-FOUR POEMS: Louis Dudek; Contact Press; pp. 24; \$1.00.

This is Louis Dudek's third volume of poems, and he has also published extensively in group projects like *Unit of Five*. These publications cover ten or twelve years, and, although some of the love lyrics might belong to any of the volumes, I don't think anyone will claim that Mr. Dudek has stood still. He has lost, for example, a good deal of the simple social impulse and rhetorical vigour of some works like the title poem in *East of the City*, but the loss is more than compensated for by a steadily increasing concern with skills of his craft. Perhaps Ezra Pound has been a better taskmaster than Stephen Spender. At any rate, Mr. Dudek seems to find more ecstasy in "a comment's cold sparkle" than he once did. The danger has been that he will say fewer and fewer things with more and more skill, or make artistry the subject as well as the end of his verse. The best poem ("Line and Form") in his second volume both exemplified and contemplated the tensions of a work of art. The new volume has some excellent pieces of the same kind: "Spilled Plaster," "An Air of Sammartini," "Pure Science," and perhaps "A Whirl of Words." There are also plenty of thickly encrusted imagistic pieces, like "Local Color: Night Lights" or "Midnight," more adept, on the whole, than most of his earlier efforts of the kind. The result is his best volume to date; but I am not too sure that it is a good omen for future work that this excellent result has been achieved by narrow-

In Cairo City

In Cairo city
a moving van
is a three-wheeled cart
and a one-legged man.

Bored with living
by the delta of the Nile
I moved up-river for a
change in style.

To pay for the cart
and the man with a leg
I sold my house
and went to beg.

I begged my father
because he is old
to give me an ass
and a piece of gold.

My son go and live
a prosperous life
get a job with Ptolemy
take a young wife.

Far up the Nile
white mountains stand
and plunging water
eases the land.

In the shadeless shelter
of a squatting tree
a tent for the cart and
the mover and me.

The mover stayed
to help unpack
and longer in case
I wished to go back.

When I came up
to the head of the Nile
I took from my bundle
a floor of tile

a copper gong
my bed of brass
my tumbling timbrel
of brittle glass

and a thong of leather
to tie my ass.
From Seriphos to Sicily
I rode by boat

with twenty sailors
a priest and a goat.
Shepherd above the
rocks I saw

you with splayed reeds
tied with straw.
Softly whistling
above the rocks

to the grazing ship
and the sailing flocks.
I cried to the captain
prayed to the priest

and promised the crewmen
the goat for their feast
to steer their boat
by the curving sand

at the foot of the rocks
in the shepherd's land.
A dark-haired girl
in the dark blue bay

stood wet and watching
till we turned away.
These are the heavier
things I brought

to the head of the Nile.
My secret thought
I could not give
to the one-legged man

nor load in the back
of his three-wheeled van.
The shepherd's whistle
the blue clean air

the dark blue sea
and the girl's dark hair.
But these are the reasons
I came to while

a season away
at the head of the Nile.

Alan Brown

Cantata

The song of our age is a jingling victory
coins clang in the claw as they jump in collision
metal to metal, jingling a comfort
of power to get, to purchase, to gather.

Chorus, coins, carefully in sanctum of dreams
lullaby till smiles steal
on lips moist with intention
while discs sing in sleep

body relaxes, secure with possession.
Jingle more, jingle, jump in your squares
when register slams open
or shut in its darkness

banging together, medals of progress.
Voice of metallic assurance of getting
echoing life to listening lovers
music cannot be more than a jingle

concerts are played in pockets of man
women swing symphonies clasped in a frame
music is motive mired in amassing.
Words are "how much?" They echo, resounding

from mountains of copper and silver and gold
they sparkle in motion, keep secrets in coffins
embedded on biers quick buried from winning.
The song seeps through earth

twisting worms in its upsurge
breaking the wood of the metal's brief home
upthrusting from earth, all greenery sways
in rhythm to jingling: our age's cantata
same jumping of man to jumping of coin.

Lee Richard Hayman

ing and eliminating. I hope his next volume is more enterprising and manages to break out of the narrowing circle. What about a ballad or an eclogue or a fable or a conversation poem or a lyrical drama or a masque or a hymn or a political ode or a moral allegory or something? Somebody ought to write a book on the timidity of contemporary (particularly Canadian) poetry, for, if there is one thing our own poets need, it is a vigorous awareness of the great variety of things that poetry can do. Mr. Dudek is a good poet, and he should try to do a lot of them. *M. W.*

THE ANGLED ROAD: Norman Levine; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 158; \$3.00.

This first novel by a young Ottawa-born writer is the story of a boy who grows up hating the cramping environment of his small-town home setting, made more unpleasant by his parents' conflicts in their struggle for social betterment. His loneliness, which becomes more articulate as he carries it into the world and his relations with other people, determines the angle of vision which sharpens around scenes, narrowly lighting up corners of his experience in a sort of match light, opening vistas of streets printed with a live precision of detail. Drab outlines of the Dorset Street world are glimpsed, with its boredom of verandah rockers, sad-colored houses, decaying cartons of garbage. Scenes of pattern of an earlier day describe men going out from the market in the morning (his father was a pedlar), horses pulling the grey and red wagons, the boy arranging fruit and vegetables in the baskets.

Again in the atmosphere of wartime London, the same raw lucidity lays bare layers of meaning which force up memory of the nature of those times, in phrases naggingly evocative: "But too many images collided together."

Faced by the return to Canada, the boy's conflict is movingly sharpened in an imaginary dialogue which takes place during a last flight out to sea, when he confronts with courage, the need not to be submerged, the needs of his parents, and what they have done for him.

Unfortunately the struggle for a solution in himself is not pursued with the same honesty following his return. There is the same dimness, a myopic intensity of seeing for details "in small." But in the final scenes this seems an oblique exploring of sensations for its own sake, when what is wanted is the effect of a photographer's exploding flash bulb. The effect of the last scenes is one of flat autobiographical echoes with cloudy talk of "pushing away the old self," and returning to the sun and soil. More power, more light is needed, one feels, to release him from the confines of his own narrowness, Dorset Street from its shadow. The reader is left with a feeling of loss. It is a disappointing experience to turn the last pages in this book by a writer of such fine perception, committing himself to an important, yes, Canadian subject.

Alice Eedy.

ALEXANDER PUSHKIN: Boris Godunov; Russian Text with Translation and Notes by Philip L. Barbour; Oxford; pp. 196; \$3.50.

It is one of the ironies of artistic history that the play which Pushkin hoped would be his *magnum opus* and would found a school of Russian tragic drama is remembered to-day—when it is remembered at all—mainly as the work that inspired Moussorgsky's great opera of the same name. *Boris Godunov*, in spite of the pains that Pushkin lavished on it, is a far less happy product of his dramatic genius than his more unassuming *Little Dramas*. He took as his model Shakespeare's chronicle plays, alternating stately court-scenes in blank verse with realistic and semi-humorous scenes of Russian popular life in prose. The latter, written in the

racy language of the people, are masterpieces of stagecraft and of crowd-psychology. The more pretentious, poetical passages in which the figures of the great *boyars*, of the pretender, and of Boris himself appear, are on the whole disappointing; they are written in a rather stiff kind of blank verse and the personages themselves suggest oratorical statues waiting for Moussorgsky's music to breathe life into them. The whole effect is rather Schillerian than Shakespearian.

The work is, however, worth bringing to the attention of English readers, both because of its place in Russian literary history and because of its connection with a musical masterpiece of universal appeal. A very fair translation of it by Alfred Hayes (reprinted in *The Works of Alexander Pushkin*, ed. A. Yarmolinsky, 1936) has existed for some time. It is questionable whether this will be superseded for the average reader who has no Russian by the new version under review. Mr. Barbour is an accomplished Russian scholar and what he offers us is a scholarly edition of *Boris Godunov* with Russian text and English translation *en regard*, replete with introduction and learned notes that throw much light, historical and linguistic, on the text. For students of Russian, therefore, this is a most valuable edition. The translation is also, possibly, more minutely faithful to the original than that of Hayes. The unfortunate thing is that, though it is good as a translation, it is often very bad as English verse. Lines like the following are not English equivalents of Pushkin's essentially smooth and musical verse:

"Few, all too few words come through to me here,"

"Decreed that I should be born to the purple,"

"I am to blame. Stormy with pride as I was,"

"I shake the foreign country's dust with scorn

From my clothes. Greedily I drink the new air."

(Is it possible that Mr. Barbour is presenting these lines as iambic pentameters of English blank verse?) Mr. Barbour does much better in translating the prose-scenes (better, perhaps, than Hayes). But, on the whole, the Russian-less reader had better stick to the earlier version, which has no such dreadful lapses in aural sensitivity. *A. F. B. Clark.*

TERROT REAVELEY GLOVER: H. G. Wood; Macmillan; pp. 233; \$4.00.

Some time before Professor Wood's biography of this eminent Cambridge classicist reached me, I chanced to read in the *British Weekly* an article by a contributing editor who stated that Glover's *The Jesus of History* had influenced his life as a young man more than any other book. The biography shows how it happened that a specialist in Latin and Greek, who became the Public Orator of Cambridge University, came to write a religious best seller—and what it cost his career to combine a love for the classics with an even deeper love for Christianity.

It also reveals the effects upon his whole life of the five years he spent as Professor of Latin at Queen's, Kingston, shortly after his election as a Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge. His ideas and attitudes were influenced by his colleagues Watson and Macnaughton—and by his Canadian students. Away from the traditional educational system of England—where, however, the classics were already fighting a losing battle against "practical" education—he was confirmed in his conviction "that life and letters must never be separated"; that to exert their proper influence the classics must be taught not from the grammarian's point of view but from that of the true "humanist". His popular book on Virgil, published at this time, illustrates this conviction, but so do his life-long succession of books and public

lectures. The comment of *The Times* Literary Supplement is fitting in this connection: "Few—perhaps in Britain none—have so fully combined knowledge with imagination, the power to visualize and interpret the past with adequate understanding . . ."

Even if his books were no longer read—and they still are—his influence lives on in the students whom he won to his own appreciation of the classics. Incidentally, one of them, Dr. C. C. Love, now on the staff of Victoria College, Toronto, can show by the original of the letter quoted on page 209 that Glover not only enjoyed, but knew how to spell, *The Habitant*, and that the error is the proof-reader's.

Honors in three lands did not seem to compensate Glover for his repeated disappointment in his failure to be given a full professorship in his Alma Mater. According to Wood there were two main reasons behind the reluctance of the University to change his status from Lecturer to Professor. One was their suspicion of anyone deemed a "popularizer." His appreciative and illustrative handling of the classics "shocked academic minds." The other was their suspicion of the scholar who spent as much of his time and energy outside his field as did Glover in the interests of the Christian faith. "Probably the width of his interests killed his chances of professional advancement." (p. 144). Even were that so, much of this stubbornly non-conformist layman's deep satisfaction as well as perhaps his greatest influence came from his persuasive interpretation of Christianity through lectureships, SCM conferences, preaching, and writing. His lack of theological training was a handicap in this avocation, but his lack of its vocabulary was not. He could speak to the lay mind in a way that was distrustful of dogma, adolescent in its freedom from tradition, but already seeking for a foundation adequate to a new age. For Glover there could be none other than the Jesus of history—who was also the Christ of faith even though he did not attempt to reason how this might be so.

His rootage in history gave him a basis for judgment on many current issues: pacifism or imperialism, the Quakers or the Oxford Movement. His analyses were so incisive and his prejudices so open that we miss his unrecorded thoughts in many areas up to his death in 1943. But this book does make us want to "do a Glover"—walk and talk—with the fascinating man, who was once described by an Oxonian as "the only educated man to come out of Cambridge in this generation." Harold Laski was surely right in his long and generous tribute in *The New Statesman and Nation* in his impression of him as "one who has caught a glimpse of some vision splendid" and manages to convey at least "the passionate declaration that in this vision only is the truth to be found." *Kingsley Joblin*

DOM CASMURRO: Machado de Assis; Longmans, Green (Noonday Press); pp. 283; \$4.00.

Machado de Assis, Brazil's greatest literary figure, died in 1908, but he has only recently been discovered by North Americans. Last year his *Epitaph of a Small Winner* created a considerable stir, and now the second of his three most famous novels has appeared in a translation by Helen Caldwell.

"Dom Casmurro," a Portuguese term for a morose tight-lipped man, is the nickname of the hero-narrator, whose real name is Bento. As an elderly recluse, he decides to record the events of his youth when he played with his neighbor's daughter, Capitu, and gradually fell in love with her. His mother had pledged him to the church, and he had to exert all his ingenuity to win his release from the seminary, but everything worked out beautifully. Bento became a lawyer, married his childhood sweetheart, was blissfully happy with

her, and reached the summit of joy when she bore a son. Then the tide turned. Bento had a dear friend, Ezekiel, and he began to see in his son a suspicious resemblance to his friend. Gradually his suspicion clouded his life and brought him to the verge of murder and suicide. Eventually he sent his wife and son abroad and refused to see them again. Thus was the gay and romantic Bento transformed into the sardonic Dom Casmurro.

The story is unfolded in what appears to be a loose and discursive style, but it is actually very tightly and economically woven. The narrative is broken up into 148 short sections, with many apparent digressions, but each seemingly irrelevant detail contributes to the total effect. The tragedy looms up unexpectedly, but is inherent in what has gone before. The contrast between the early happiness and the cancerous doubt is very effective, and the question of whether Bento's suspicion was justified or merely the creation of his own jealous mind is left open.

This is an unusual and fascinating book. Machado de Assis is said to have loved the works of Swift, Mark Twain, and Sterne, and his humor, pessimism, and irony reveal his kinship with them. *Edith Fowke.*

THE YELLOW SWEATER and other stories; Hugh Garner; Collins; pp. 238; \$3.00.

Perhaps the best one can say for Mr. Garner (a man who can, and does, say a good deal for himself) is that he has great courage and assurance: the nineteen stories in this book pretty well run the gamut of the short story writer's usual themes and situations. In short, he is not afraid to try, although too often he seems to be merely stabbing in the dark.

Perhaps the worst one can say, borrowing a phrase from the nearest musician, is that Mr. Garner has tin ears. Even when his sentences are not actually short and jagged they too often read as though they were. And this appears to be not from intention or necessity—not because a jagged sentence, or a series of them, will at that point increase the story's impact or atmosphere. But rather, or so it seems to me, because Mr. Garner does not listen, in his mind's ear, to the sound of what he has written.

Again, on top of the cacophony set up by the writer's style, one keeps hearing echoes—other stories, other styles—if one may paraphrase Mr. Capote's title. But then, as Mr. Garner admits in his preface, he is a commercial writer, undoubtedly privy to the fact that what has worked for one will, with a little reworking, serve another as well.

For all that, the volume contains one or two stories which just miss being fine (*Coming Out Party*); one or two more which by no means miss being powerful—notably *One Mile of Ice*; and one which is both funny and original—*The Man with the Musical Tooth*. We shall certainly hear more from Mr. Garner, and it is not too much to hope that it will be better. *Hyperbole Prat.*

HAPPY FOR THE CHILD: Robin Jenkins; Lehmann and Longmans; pp. 286; \$2.50.

A penetrating and sympathetic study of a young Scottish schoolboy whose brilliant winning of a scholarship is only the beginning of his troubles. From a poverty-stricken home, supported by the Homeric struggles of his mother, and from an unspeakably sordid neighborhood, John Stirling at the age of twelve is expected to hold his own in a select Academy of wealthy and alien boys. His desperate efforts to conceal the fact that his mother is a scrub-woman, and the solemn matter of obtaining the proper school clothing, are told with unaffected poignancy of one who understands childhood. There are, also, a jealous sister and the rather pathetic vindictiveness of two neighborhood toughs to contend with.

In the end he is befriended by a generous fellow-pupil, and he and his hard-working sister come to terms in an effort to understand and make the best of life's hard reality.

Robin Jenkins is a fairly new writer. His picture of some phases of Glasgow life is most depressing, but there can be no doubt as to his skill in portraying them. *E. McN.*

WRITING FOR TELEVISION: Gilbert Seldes; Doubleday; pp. 259; \$3.50.

It may be pertinent to ask of this book, the latest in a longish, useful and varied list by the same author: "Who will use it, and to whom will it be useful?" For, certainly, this is no elementary text; it contains no magic formula which will let the untrained writer make the silken purse of a Studio One script from a sow's ear filled with clichés and worn-out plots. And on the other hand, a writer who has won his spurs and earned his keep will find in this volume many things which he either knew instinctively or learned by the old, hard process of trial and error.

Well then, who will use this book and to whom will it be useful? Despite the above apparent disparagement, the answer is still everybody; everyone who puts on paper words which will, he hopes, eventually come to life on the tiny screen. For, make no mistake, this Seldes is a man of parts, a man of vast experience in this and allied fields, a man of considerable perspicacity, a man who can think clear thoughts and write clear words and, perhaps best of all, suggest by these words at least as much as he has written.

What's the book about? Well, some of the chapter headings are: "An Audience-Eye View of TV; The Machinery; The Elements; Motive and Mood; A Tool for the Beginner; The Types of Drama; The Art of Comedy; A Basic Word-List for Television." As the title says, the book is about *Writing for Television*, and about that it says a great deal and says it well. *Allan Sangster.*

YOU SHALL KNOW THEM: Vercors; McClelland & Stewart; pp. 249; \$3.75.

This is a satiric novel about the discovery of ape-like creatures who provide the missing link between monkey and man, the birth of a child produced through the union by artificial insemination of an ape female and human male, the subsequent murder of the child by the father, Douglas Templemore, and the ensuing court-case. What are the factors determining the human status of the baby, and has a murder been committed?

The book written by Jean Bruller (under the pen-name of Vercors), a literary satirist in the French resistance movement, is most vivid in the charming amusing passages which provide repartee between the characters; or in descriptions of the *Paranthropus* types, "tropis," as they are called. There is a haunting appealing quality about the tropi mother known as Derry, with her smooth dove-colored fur (like plush), bare face, eyes of mournful dignity, strong white teeth, and childish peal of laughter; and a likeability about the tropi tribe with their gentle democratic habits and fondness for ham.

As the theme develops in seriousness, however, the attention is less closely held by the intensity of argument regarding the question of the human status of the dead infant. Great excitement is aroused in parliament over the need to define Man in legal terms, the Judge's wife is discovered to be an old family friend of Mrs. Templemore, and the conclusions, that man can be recognized by certain signs of behaviour ("ju-ju's") proving him to have a soul, are satisfactory to everybody. The effect of the book on the whole is therefore largely one of having listened in on a pleasant witty, (English), middle-class discussion. *Alice Eedy.*

A SHORT LEASE: Ernest Frost; Lehmann and Longmans; pp. 270; \$2.50.

A clever, introspective study of the many agonies and few joys of adolescent love. The story dips with, at times, disconcerting suddenness from the world of idealistic romance to that of a rather tawdry, aimless section of London's art world. The hero, a young student at a provincial art school, falls in love with the exotic wife of wealthy laundry owner fifteen years older than himself. In her sophisticated salon his soul is battered about in fantastic conversations; his faith in her slowly disintegrates; his friendships evaporate in superficialities; he fights a psychological hatred of his dead father, but, in the end, he is able to put his life in proper focus, and he maintains his idealism unshaken. A skilfully written book, with more than a little wry humor.

E. McN.

THE PLANTATION: Ovid Williams Pierce; Doubleday; pp. 217; \$3.50.

This book might well have borrowed the title of another recent novel, *The Good Man*, for the central figures of both were spiritual brothers. The original "good man" in *The Plantation* is a land-owner whose property brought him more responsibility than profit. Their lives give us complementary pictures of the changing conditions in what used to be the "Old South."

The Plantation opens with the death of Ed Ruffin, the plantation owner, and then sketches in the story of his life through the memories of his servants, his friends, and his relatives. It was an undramatic, almost uneventful life, but was also a life of great gentleness, self-sacrifice, and devotion. When his father died, young Ed left college and went home to take over the plantation and care for his spinster aunts, sacrificing both his hope of being a lawyer, and his fiancée, who did not want to marry a farmer. Later he married an older woman and cared for her devotedly when she became an invalid. After her death he married another woman with a small son, and when she also died he continued to look after her relatives as well as his own.

The story is told indirectly and with considerable subtlety, combining an almost dream-like atmosphere with extremely revealing incidents. It is a considerable tribute to the skill of the author that he has managed to create a genuinely good man who does not seem to be aware of his own goodness. We are left with the feeling that "Mr. Ed" simply acted as he had to act, being the kind of man he was.

Edith Fowke.

A SEA OF TROUBLES: Marguerite Duras; (translated from the French by Antonia White); British Book Service; pp. 233; \$2.50.

The theme of this novel is the effect upon its victims of the rottenness of the official policy regarding land concessions in the territories of French Indo-China, presumably before the second world war.

Its central character is a widowed school mistress who is one of the more courageous victims. Her hard-scraped savings have been invested in a concession of worthless salt-sown land, the selling and re-claiming of which is a profitable racket for the authorities, bringing ruin and starvation to the buyers.

"The Mother" as she is called, manages to preserve her decency and courage, though little else. These qualities she keeps intact in her children, a boy and a girl, almost adult. They are not a pretty pair, and the story of their oppression brings out frankly but sensitively some of the less pleasant truths about human nature in such circumstances.

The conclusion to be drawn from such a novel is, that if this be based on authentic knowledge of the facts about this

hungry segment of the east, the westerner has richly earned his present trouble there. It is probably safer to-day to say so through the medium of the novel. This may not be an important one, but neither is it negligible.

Hilda Kirkwood

NOW THE GREEN WORD: Gilean Douglas; Wings Press; pp. 56; \$2.00.

Gilean Douglas's quiet, introspective nature poetry (mostly of the Canadian North) belongs late in the literary cycle and has something of the autumnal languor characteristic of work in a nearly exhausted vein. The writer knows, no doubt, that this sort of thing has been done better before, but enjoys trying to do it again in *Now The Green Word*. The result is readable, charming, if somewhat literary, nature poetry. One hopes for a good many more green words than one gets, despite such effective work as "Winter Twilight."

"This is cold beauty; this I cannot touch.

A thought would shatter and a dream would break

Upon the dull steel of this somber lake.

These stark and frigid pines against a sky

Of icy yellow would make reason die—

And dying leave too little and too much.

M. W.

THE HOUSE OF MOREYS: Phyllis Bentley; Macmillan; pp. 282; \$2.50.

Since Phyllis Bentley was writing novels before some of us had learned to read, and is well known as a writer of sociological novels concerning the industrialization of the English midlands, there seems little more to be said except that this is not of a piece with the rest of her work, although it too has a Yorkshire setting.

Aside from this, "*The House of Moreys*" is a pure nineteenth century "romance" complete with gypsy potions, absurd co-incidence and a large dash of the Brontës. This mixture is hard to reconcile with the sound stuff of her other Yorkshire yarns. Miss Bentley's muse was evidently nodding, or English taxes are indeed high.

H.T.K.

THE BEST SHORT PLAYS OF 1952-1953: edited by Margaret Mayorga; Dodd Mead; pp. 348; \$3.25.

Seldom have I read, or tried to read, such a collection of drivel—of commonplace thinking and unspeakable dialogue. If these are really the best short plays of the season just past, then the American theatre is in a sad, even hopeless, plight. Not a single Canadian work is included, although this country has, obviously, at least a dozen playwrights who can write rings around this miserable crew.

A.S.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

WILFRED F. BUTCHER, a graduate of the University of Manitoba (where he was secretary of the Student Christian Movement) and Knox College, Toronto, is minister of the St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Quebec, P.Q. . . . GORDON R. S. HAWKINS, who is now in England, will record in his next article his reactions to the political campaign as he saw it in B.C., in the Peace River country, in Winnipeg, in Montreal and Quebec while he was doing research in Canada . . . O. D. WOLLHEIM trained as a teacher at the University of Cape Town and taught for 25 years. During that time he made a study of poverty for he taught mostly in schools for the poverty-stricken, both white and non-white, in the Cape Province. He is deputy National Chairman of the newly formed Liberal Party of South Africa.

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- THE GENIUS OF AMERICAN POLITICS: Daniel J. Boorstin; W. J. Gage; pp. 202; \$3.25.
 THE PRISONER OF OTTAWA: OTTO STRASSER: Douglas Reed; Clarke, Irwin; pp. 271; \$2.50.
 FATHER, DEAR FATHER: Ludwig Bemelmans; Macmillan; pp. 247; \$3.95.
 HOLMES-LASKI LETTERS: edited by Mark DeWolfe Howe; 2 vols.; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 1650; \$16.75.
 THE TERROR MACHINE: Gregory Klimov; British Book Service; pp. 400; \$5.00.
 THE MYSTIQUE OF MODERN MONARCHY: Percy Blake; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 92; \$1.85.
 THE REDEEMERS: Leo W. Schwarz; Ambassador Books; pp. 335; \$5.50.
 THE PHYSICIAN'S RESPONSIBILITY AS A LEADER: Lewis Albert Alesen; Caxton; pp. 59; 75c (U.S.A.).
 THE STRUGGLE FOR POLAND: H. Peter Stern; Public Affairs Press; pp. 79; \$2.00 (U.S.A.).
 WHITE WINGS AROUND THE WORLD: Donald M. Green and Jessie L. Beattie; Ryerson; pp. 187; \$4.50.
 THE UKRAINIANS IN MANITOBA: Paul Yuzyk; University of Toronto Press; pp. 232; \$5.00.
 JOHN MASEFIELD: Muriel Spark; Copp Clark; pp. 185; \$3.00.
 ENGLAND MADE ME: Graham Greene; British Book Service; pp. 274; \$2.00.
 WHO KILLED KENYA?: Colin Wills; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 111; \$2.50.
 BRAVO MY MONSTER: Oscar Tarcov; S. J. Reginald Saunders; pp. 133; \$3.75.
 SELECTED POEMS: Frederick A. Johnstone; The William-Frederick Press; pp. 31; \$1.00 (U.S.A.).
 BESTIARY: Francis J. Mathues; The William-Frederick Press; pp. 29; \$2.00 (U.S.A.).
 MEN WALK THE EARTH: Hasye Cooperman; The William-Frederick Press; pp. 59; \$2.00 (U.S.A.).
 REAP THE HARVEST: Nana Watson; The William-Frederick Press; pp. 31; \$2.00 (U.S.A.).
 SONNETS FOR EVE: Clara Aiken Speer; The William-Frederick Press; pp. 46; \$2.00 (U.S.A.).
 FIRST SCORE: Joseph Hirsh; The William-Frederick Press; pp. 47; \$2.00 (U.S.A.).
 EQUINOX: Jane Beverlin Tate; The William-Frederick Press; pp. 46; \$2.00 (U.S.A.).
 GLORY OF AGES: Eugene F. McSpedden; The William-Frederick Press; pp. 73; \$2.00 (U.S.A.).
 AS THEMIS PLAYS: Florence Rand; The William-Frederick Press; pp. 45; \$1.00 (U.S.A.).
 IN LOVE WITH EVERY FLOWER: Richard Schooner; The William-Frederick Press; pp. 38; \$1.50 (U.S.A.).
 OLIVER CROMWELL: Sir Charles Firth; Oxford; pp. 488; \$2.00.
 THE WORLD'S GREAT FOLKTALES: edited by James R. Foster; Mussion; pp. 330; \$5.00.
 GO TELL IT ON THE MOUNTAIN: James Baldwin; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 303; \$4.00.
 LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY: Giovanni Verga; Nelson, Foster and Scott (Grove Press); pp. 226; \$3.50.
 GALATEA: James M. Cain; McClelland and Stewart; pp. 242; \$3.25.
 NO NAME IN THE STREET: Kay Cicellis; Nelson, Foster & Scott (Grove Press); pp. 245; \$3.50.
 THE EASY WAY: Kay Cicellis; Nelson, Foster & Scott (Scribner's Sons); pp. 237; \$3.00.
 CANADA: A Story of Challenge: J. M. S. Careless; Macmillan; pp. 417; \$3.50.
 THE WIND AND THE CARIBOU: Erik Munsterhjelm; Macmillan; pp. 234; \$3.50.
 DIGBY: David Walker; Collins; pp. 254; \$2.75.
 THE SACRED FOUNT: Henry James; Nelson, Foster & Scott (Grove Press); pp. 319; \$4.75.
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